

Missionary Mail

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RUTH M. BABCOCK, *Editor*

RACHEL L. BENFER, *Business Manager*



*You sent Santa
to Barrow—*

*"And there were in the same country
shepherds abiding in the field, keeping
watch over their flock by night. . ."*

The familiar words of the Christmas story always seem to make a cold chill run up our backs. See how quietly the boys in the picture on the cover are listening. They were photographed by Dr. Frederick R. Thorne, Secretary for Visual Aids for the Board of National Missions.

Just as the three Wise Men brought gifts to the baby Jesus almost two thousand years ago, so we, on the anniversary of that occasion, give to each other. One of the most exciting times of our lives comes when, after months of saving our pennies, we buy our first Christmas present for Daddy and Mother. Then as we grow older, we find our love

beginning to reach beyond our little family circles to teachers, playmates, and, finally, to boys and girls we have never even seen, but who, we know, need our help. We find ourselves giving things to these boys and girls, in Jesus' name—not only presents at Christmas, but schools, hospitals, and Sunday schools all through the year. Did it ever occur to you that by supporting mission projects we can celebrate Christ's birthday every day?



*—and made possible the tree
and presents at Ming Quong.*

Missionary Mail

DECEMBER 1942



"And there were
in the same country shepherds"

CHRISTMAS AT BOGGS

THOMAS E. ROSS

CHRISTMAS season to many boys and girls in poor rural areas often means very little; but to the boys and girls who attend Boggs Academy and the mission Sunday schools in the school community, Christmas means much.

Early in November the freight agent at Keysville sent us a message asking that the school bus come by the station, a few hundred yards off its route, three times a week, to pick up boxes. The bus would come home loaded with boxes and barrels each time it went by the station. The rural mail carrier brought packages and boxes each day; letters came containing money for candy and fruits. The many friends of Boggs were determined that the children were going to have a grand Christmas.

The office assistant and her two student helpers began unpacking boxes and barrels. This was quite a task, but an enjoyable one, for so many nice things came out of the wrappings. The first job was to record on cards the name of the person, the church, the group in the church, the address of the person to whom the acknowledgment should be sent, a list of all the things in the box, and the date on which it was received. If it did not have a return address, then there would be a search through the letters relative to boxes, to see if there were any that might apply to this box.

These three people worked until dark each day, sorting presents and clothing, and making records so as to be ready when the Christmas wrapping began. About ten days before Christmas the teachers and the parish worker began wrapping presents. This was a lot of fun for them, because they knew that each present which was wrapped would add lots of sunshine and bring a smile to some child's face. The teachers felt that they were only playing a small part by wrapping the gifts, for the many friends

of Boggs had done so much more by getting together and packing the many boxes and sending them here at considerable expense. Also they realized that the sending this year entailed a double effort on the part of the donors, for there are so many other calls, such as Red Cross, foreign relief, etc. But the little children of the Boggs area were not forgotten.

On the great day, the bus began bringing them here early until the entire school chapel was packed. In the corner of the stage was a beautifully decorated tree with the many presents round it and the candy and fruits in bags stacked beside it.

For the entertainment, and to build a greater Christmas spirit, a play was presented. This was written by the Home Economics teacher and put on by the English teacher. The high point of the play was the singing of the "Ave Maria," with the singers kneeling in a prayerful attitude.

After the play, each child received a gift, a bag of candy, and some fruit. A book, *Christ and the Fine Arts*, was presented to the teacher-in-charge by the Home Economics teacher. It was given to the faculty of Boggs by one of our friends in Indiana, and has been placed in the bookcase in the teachers' living room in Adams Hall. The librarian was presented with several magazine sub-

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Reading lesson.



ROARING BORING ALICE THE FIRST

FRED G. KLEREKOPER

THAT is her name, and we call her Alice for short. She is much like other Alices and Betsys. She gets hungry and needs food; sometimes she gets sick. She can do a good day's work, but sometimes she seems just plain stubborn. When she hits a snow bank and has to pull a little harder than usual, she sits right down on her rear axle. But perhaps I shouldn't speak this way of Alice, for she is old, and after all, we ought to be respectful to the old. Up here at Barrow, the northernmost village in Alaska, Alice is very far from Detroit, Michigan, where she was made by Mr. Henry Ford back in 1931. She has pneumatic tires behind (that means tires with air in them); she has a chain over the back wheels and skis in front. She has two bunks in her, and a place for grub, and a stove.

You remember that last Easter came on April the fifth, and I planned to leave in Alice as soon after Easter as possible to travel along the east coast and see the people. They would not otherwise see a minister from one year to the next. For a week before Easter, Walton Ahmaogak, the young Eskimo who accompanied me, and I worked on Alice to get her groomed for the trip. An emergency exit was cut in her roof. Her interior workings were cleaned and tested and spare parts packed. The sled she was to pull

was hauled out and packed with Alice's grub—gasoline and oil—and a tight-fitting skirt was made for her out of unbleached muslin, so she could sleep comfortably at night without having the snow drifting under her. Under the bunks went our grub—pre-fried hamburgers, frozen reindeer steaks, baked beans, and a few specialties. The gasoline stove was put in, along with shovels, tools, blow torch, fire extinguisher, sleeping bags, etc.

There was quite a lot of speculation as to how we would get along. Some of the old timers were sure we would do better with a dog-team. But we were quite confident of Alice, and with a few remarks about laughing last we completed our preparations and were ready to pull out of town April the eighth.

The first day Alice did more roaring than boring. Seven miles out the chain came off. A link had broken. We repaired it with a tough steel cable used for snaring wolves. The chain broke often during the day, and each time we repaired it with cable.

But that was not the only thing that broke. The gas line parted, and we lost a lot of precious gas. Precious is a mild word for the description of gas, as you will soon see.

Another difficulty was the loss of the radiator cap, which caused us to lose considerable water. A towel was torn up and put into the hole. The towel froze with the evaporation and of course would not come out again. So when the radiator had to be filled, we drained the remaining hot water into a bucket of snow. This gave us enough water to pour over the frozen radiator cap to remove it, and to fill the radiator again.

"Shovel, shovel, toil and trouble," Shakespeare would have sung if he had been with us. Alice insisted on sitting on that rear axle often during that day.



The Eskimo boy who was with me watched for snow banks and cracks—

Cracks in the ice on the Arctic Ocean are often wide—three or four feet, and many feet deep. When the snow is blown hard over them they can be navigated. Sometimes the snow is thin or the approach to them is soft. Alice would sometimes drop into soft approaches or into the crack itself, or on the other side of the crack gently submerge herself in the snow. We tried all kinds of ways of getting her out of her holes, but the best system is to avoid the trouble before it happens.

The Eskimo boy who was with me watched the snow banks and cracks. He enjoyed the title of navigator. I boasted the title of pilot—sky pilot and otherwise.

The plowing in and through the snow-banks had proved hard on the rear wheel lugs. Necessity, who, we are told, mothers invention, came into its own on this day. The snowmobile was wobbling a bit, and on examining the rear wheel we found it to be held in place by only one lug instead of the usual five. The bolts we had were too small in diameter to fit the holes. To meet this we removed the rear wheels, put the bolts in from the back side with just enough clearance to miss the gears. Then by filling the holes with solder we managed to get the bolts tight.

The exciting part of this day was dropping over an eight-foot ridge of ice onto a snow bank on the other side. Alice did not sink, but keeping her head and tail up as if to say, "I'll show you," rolled on to the smooth going. We made sixty miles this day.

At Cape Halkett, about 120 miles from Barrow, we put on new spark plugs and breaker points, and her spirits lifted and she was ready to go. That night we talked with George Leavitt, an old Eskimo, who told us some of the whaling superstitions of his ancestors. We planned to hold services there on our way back. If we stopped now, and waited too long to get to the far end of our trip on this

coast, the rivers would break out and cut us off. The season is slower on the Barrow end.

On Saturday, April 11, we had a good deal of trouble with very hard going, and over Sunday we sat at the mouth of the Colville River with a broken spring, a frozen jack, and other major and minor difficulties. How does a person spend Sunday on the edge of the Arctic Ocean far from any settlement? Well, here's one Sunday as I wrote it in my diary:

"We got up about eleven. Breakfast coffee in bed. Then pancakes and more coffee. (That was before coffee rationing, remember!) Then washing of dishes. We melted lots of snow for washing both ourselves and our dishes. We shaved and spruced ourselves up, and then we went to church, the two of us. Going to church meant singing hymns and having prayers, and then we read the story of a brave man, David, who overcame his giant, Goliath. Reading it did something to me. What courage! No wonder the Lord loved him."

And Sunday dinner is a joy. One Sunday we had macaroni and tomato sauce, tea and hard tack. Another time it was corn on the cob, believe it or not, and bacon, spaghetti and tomato sauce. Who

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*Sunday dinner
is a joy.*



Roaring Boring Alice the First

(Continued from page 5.)

said missionaries were heroes, living sparsely and on very little!

But that Monday we had to get up at three o'clock and start mending our broken spring. How would you do it, a million miles from nowhere, on the ice, with little or nothing to fix it with? The Eskimo boy said, "But, Angayuliksee (minister, the one who prays), what shall we do if the gas gives out? That is one thing we cannot fix!" I thought of Columbus, when "Behind him lay the gray Azores," and his sailors said, "What shall we do when hope is gone?" I whispered in Alice's ear, "On, sail on, Alice, old dear!"

What we did with the spring was to take a two-by-four off the sled, wind rope around it, and call it a spring. It was softer than metal, but still the car bumped heavily on that side. The mud flats of the Colville River were filled with snow, soft and loose. The going was hard, as compared with sea ice. We mixed kerosene with our last five gallons of gas, and sputtered along for several miles. Once we got stuck in a snow bank and used up some of the now most precious gas, but finally got clear and ran along in high.

(Many other interesting things happened to Alice. Be sure to read about them in the March issue.)

"Dear Jesus," prayed a little three-year-old girl in a mission school, "bless Santa Claus. He's a friend of mine."

"And," says the missionary who overheard the prayer, "we missionaries feel like saying 'Dear God, bless the Santa Claus in every church and church organization who had any part in preparing Christmas for our people. They are friends of ours.'"

Christmas at Boggs

(Continued from page 3.)

scriptions donated by friends in Ohio and other states, and of especial interest was a book, *Big Ben*, and a subscription to *Science Magazine*, sent by two of our boys who graduated last year and are now in the armed forces. Both of these boys expressed their desire to do something for Boggs, which had done so much for them, scholastically, spiritually, and materially.

After the program, the school bus was re-loaded several times to take the children home. As they journeyed home, each child held his gift carefully, just waiting to show his parents how much his friends near and far had done at Christmas for him.

We hope and pray fervently that soon peace, love, and a world with Christ reigning supreme in the hearts of men everywhere shall be ours; then Christmas will mean to everyone what it was planned to mean: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Christmas to Others

"What sort of Christmas will the Japanese-American children have in the relocation centers?" This was a question which troubled the boys and girls in Sunset Gap, Tennessee. They themselves have received much from friends of Presbyterian missions, and wanted to show their gratitude. The result was a gift of \$7.00 from the Sunday school, even though in Sunset Gap there is little extra money for anything. And they did not subtract this amount from their regular giving, either. They sent word that their Christmas offering was to be taken for their regular claim, the Children's Ward in the Presbyterian Hospital, San Juan, Puerto Rico, to which they have given more than \$35.

and sang heartily. Now he only knew the chorus of "Jesus Loves Me" so no matter what the rest of us sang, Tha Kam always sang "Jesus Loves Me." Also Tha Kam knew nothing of tunes but he knew that a voice should go up and down—how far up, and how far down was another thing that he did not know. I am sure Jesus loved little Tha Kam just the same and received his song of praise.

Then one day Tha Kam was well enough to go home. The whole medical staff was ready to weep, so dear to us all had he become. "Tha Kam" his nurse said, "when you get home and your neighbors ask you who healed you, what will you answer them?" Tha Kam looked from Doctor Missionary to Mrs. Missionary then to his beloved nurse and to the others gathered around. "Who indeed did heal him?" he seemed to be thinking. Then his face fairly beamed as he said, "Tha Kam will say Jesus healed him."



Every nurse was very kind.



THE SKOOKUM PAPERS

ELIZABETH BURROWS

Beginning an exciting serial about an Alaskan boy

(In four installments)

INSTALLMENT I

HAINES HOUSE HARRY wasn't his real name. His real or Indian name was Ga-hay-yeh. He was just fourteen. His hair was black and very straight. His eyes were brown and sparkling. His cheeks were rosy, for he was a happy, healthy youngster, one of the many Indian boys and girls who find their only home and most of their "mothering" in the mission that throughout Alaska and the States is known as Haines House.

Ga-hay-yeh was born in old Klukwan, an ancient Thlingit village some twenty miles or so up the Chilkat River from Haines. Here for a time he lived with his parents in the great community house that was his birthplace. Here he went to school and here he was given his "school name," Harry. Here, after the death of his parents, he lived happily

enough with his Aunt Mary, who was called by all the village people "Princess Mary," though of course the Thlingit people really have no princesses.

Princess Mary's eyesight had always been poor. Shortly after Harry became her ward, she became so blind that she was no longer able to see whether Harry's hands and face were clean when in the morning he rushed away to school. No longer was she able to see whether the patches were in place over the tears and holes that would keep coming in his shirts and stockings and trousers.

Keeping Ga-hay-yeh's clothes mended was a big job indeed. For he was strong and active. After school he was always racing with the other Indian lads along the banks of the wild-flowing Chilkat, or he was setting rabbit snares in the alder thickets, or he was pushing his way

He filled his basket with high-bush cranberries.



Harry and Princess Mary talked to the curio buyer from Seattle.

through hedges and brambles to fill his basket with the high-bush cranberries that Mary cooked down into a delicious jam with the eggs of coho and sockeye salmon.

"No," one morning Mary said to her own wise self, "I can no longer care for my little Ga-hay-yeh. I will ask the head of the mission to come for my little boy. Often my boy say to me, 'Boys and girls they all happy at Haines House.' Ga-hay-yeh will be glad to go."

Shortly after that Ga-hay-yeh went to Haines House to live. Every summer, though, he came back to spend a few weeks with Princess Mary. And when he returned to the village the first time, the village people began to call him "Haines House Harry," for by that time

there was another Klukwan boy whose school name was Harry.

One fine August morning Haines House Harry and Princess Mary were standing by the roadside in Klukwan, talking to the driver of the taxi from Haines and his passenger, a curio buyer from Seattle.

"Wass-iss-e-ou-kee-a-ke? What is he saying?" asked Mary, placing one arm about the sturdy shoulders of Haines House Harry.

With solemn wonder in his eyes Haines House Harry looked up into Mary's wrinkled face. "The man from Seattle says that he will give you twenty-five dollars for each of those Skookum papers," said he slowly, in the native

(Continued on page 10.)



"In China, too, we like to play 'London Bridge Is Falling Down!'"

THE SKOOKUM PAPERS

ELIZABETH BURROWS

INSTALLMENT II

The story so far:

"The Skookum papers? No. Them I will not sell," said Princess Mary with finality.

Haines House Harry—whose real or Indian name was Ga-hay-yeh—looked at the curio buyer from Seattle, wondering what made his aunt's Skookum papers so valuable. As he turned to leave with Princess Mary, the man beckoned to him furtively. "Lookut, boy," he whispered, "you can find me at the hotel in Haines till the boat leaves tomorrow night. If the old lady changes her mind, you catch 'em ride down to Haines and bring me those papers. I'll give you five dollars extry for every one—and," slyly he added, "no questions asked."

"ALL right," said Haines House Harry, wondering what there was about that phrase "no questions asked" that made the curio buyer act so—so secret and disagreeable.

The taxi clattered away down the road that led from Klukwan to Haines, and Harry turned up the blossom-bordered trail to Mary's house. It was an old Thlingit community house. Once, he knew, many families had dwelt there, each family sleeping by itself in one of the big rooms upstairs, but sharing with all the other families the common living room downstairs.

Thoughtfully he went up the high steps and into the big square front room. There he found Princess Mary standing

Princess Mary loved the totem poles.



erect and proud by a window. She was running her fingers lovingly over the house totems carved on the partition boards. Haines House Harry knew well the story that the huge painted figures of the first totem portrayed. Did it not tell how Harry's ancestor, that first of a long line of powerful Thlingit heroes, had struggled with a sea lion and come off victor?

"My father, Sho-ka-sha, he carve that totem," said Mary gravely. "Many years that totem and the others look down on the people in the big room here. Many years those totem people they see Sho-ka-sha put the Skookum papers in the red lacquer chest. In that chest they see Sho-ka-sha put all the Skookum papers that the white chiefs give him when they come on the ships to the mouth of the Chilkat. I would be sorry to part with those papers."

Harry gazed at the chest fascinated.

"Why," he exploded, no longer able to contain his curiosity, "would a man pay five hundred dollars for an old paper? What are Skookum papers anyway?"

"I am too busy to explain now, my boy," said Princess Mary. Harry knew that was just a grown-up way of saying, "You are too young to understand now." He was disappointed and a little resentful.

"Look," Mary continued kindly, "you have only a week's vacation left. Don't you want to run and play? Tomorrow my sister is coming to take us up into the hills for the mountain blueberries. They are just beginning to ripen. Why, perhaps tomorrow we will be lucky enough to see 'hoots,' the big brown bear, or even a flock of mountain goats!"

With a whoop of anticipation Harry raced out of doors and down the long flight of steps. He would go to the old Whale House to see whether the little brown weasel was at home today. And if he didn't find weasel under the carved and rotting planks, he might go hunting the long-tailed field mice that ran up and

down the shallow tunnels in the tall roadside grass.

Yes, he had many fine things to do this afternoon. Still, first he would like to find out what the Skookum papers were and why they were so valuable.

He decided to go to see old Foutchou. He was too ancient and too ill to work with the younger village folk in the cannery in the summer. Foutchou was the oldest person in Klukwan, so Harry knew he must be wise.

"Good day, Foutchou," said Harry, sitting down in the open doorway of the old man's cabin. As he looked up the road he saw Foutchou's niece, who was old herself, just leaving her own doorway with a bowl of food—rice or fish—for Foutchou's supper.

"Good day, little boy," said Foutchou, in that far-away voice of his that showed he was living over the days of Long Ago before the missionaries came to the valley. In those days the Chilkat people had had slaves and potlatch feasts and other customs and manners that seemed strange now.

"Foutchou," said Haines House Harry, "what are Skookum papers?"

"Skookum papers? They very fine papers," said Foutchou. And that was all that Haines House Harry could get from the nodding, smiling old man.

There was no one else left in the village to whom he could turn except the government school teacher. Harry went to the schoolhouse. The teacher had been at the government school station for many years and knew all the village Indians very well indeed.

"Why, Harry! Come in," she cried, answering his rap at the kitchen door. She pointed to some fragrant ginger cookies that lay on a long platter on the table. "I made them to put in my lunch basket tomorrow. I'm going with the Haines teachers on a trip to White Horse. But there are too many of them. Help yourself."

(Continued on page 11.)

LEADERS' SECTION

FRANCES S. TYLER*

"ALBION," called the leader.

Twenty-eight children rose from their chairs and, with toys clasped in their hands, marched to music past a table where gifts were being assembled.

"Holley," came the call, and thirty-two eager Primary and Junior boys and girls responded. As Knowlesville, Barre Center, and Medina were named, the pile of books, dolls, and clothing mounted higher and higher.

The occasion was a party attended by children from Rochester Presbytery. It was a Christmas party, even though the month was October. The children had been learning in Sunday school about their friends all over the world who helped to supply them with such good things as the cocoa they drank for breakfast, the sugar and spices and vanilla that their mothers put in the cookies they liked so well, and the dates, from far across the ocean, which they so often begged for. They had also studied about friends in this country who help to grow, pick, and clean the cotton that blouses and dresses and socks are made of.

So they decided that it was their turn to do something for other little children. They would make possible a merry Christmas for some unseen friends. The students at Boggs Academy in Keysville, Georgia, were selected to receive all the gifts they could collect.

One church in each section of the presbytery was asked, or volunteered, to be hostess to the children from all Presbyterian churches in surrounding communities. Arrangements were made for five parties in as many different sections. On the appointed day, whether the weather was good or bad, over one hundred per-

sons showed up at each party. Voices filled the air with Christmas carols. True stories about Boggs and movies rented from the Board of National Missions thrilled the children and gave them a clear idea of the type of home in which their colored friends lived and of the kind of school they attended.

Refreshments—either ice cream and cookies or cocoa—were generously provided by each hostess church. Junior boys and girls served them. One group of Juniors made paper favors to give to each guest as he left. One little girl said when her parents called for her, "I wish this party would go on and on!"

The five parties were all given under the supervision of Rochester Presbyterian's Secretary for Children's Work. Gifts collected included toys, books, games, school supplies, toilet articles, and good used clothing. When packed, these gifts filled eighteen large cartons, which were all shipped to Boggs in time to be distributed at Christmas.

As a result of this project Sunday school teachers in Rochester Presbytery believe that their children have a better understanding of and love for the colored children in their immediate vicinity, as well as those in the South. They hope that the boys and girls at Boggs had as much fun unpacking their presents as Rochester's boys and girls had in giving them.

The Skookum Papers

(Continued from page 8.)

Haines House Harry picked up a cooky. Then even before taking the first bite he looked straight at the teacher and said earnestly, "Please, Miss Lane, tell me, what are the Skookum papers?"

(To Be Continued Next Month.)

* Secretary for Children's Work, Rochester Presbyterian Society.



These boys learned to build a house.

CHILDREN'S FOREIGN STATIONS

African—Foulassi Station: Schools, churches, Sunday schools. Support of Mrs. Joseph McNeill, Benito.

Chinese—Ningpo Station: Girls' school, boys' school, kindergarten, hospital and settlement work.

Indian—Saharanpur Station: School for girls; trade school for boys; village preaching and teaching; city church; theological seminary.

Japanese—Kanazawa Station, where Miss A. Irene Reiser's kindergarten is the children's special interest. School for girls; churches.

Mexican—Central Station: Mexico City, Oaxaca, surrounding area; Sunday schools.

Syrian—Tripoli Station: Hospital, kindergarten, schools for boys and girls; village schools and congregations.

Thai—Lampang Station: Hospital, schools, evangelistic work. Support of Miss Lucy Starling, principal of girls' school.

For information write to S. Franklin Mack, Director, Young People's Division, The Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CHILDREN'S NATIONAL STATIONS

Alaskan—Haines House, Haines. Rev. Edwin Knudsen. **Barrow Mission,** Barrow. Northernmost Mission in Alaska. Rev. Fred Klerekoper.

West Indian—Children's Ward, Presbyterian Hospital, San Juan, P. R. **Sunday School Missionary in Puerto Rico,** Rev. J. L. Santiago-Cabrera, Box 111, Mayaguez, P. R.

Oriental—Ming Quong Home for Chinese Children, 51 Ninth Street, Oakland, Calif. Miss Ethel Higgins. **Parish Worker,** Chinese Presbyterian Church, 925 Stockton St., San Francisco, Calif. Miss Flora Hubbard.

Indian—Religious Education for Navajo Children, Leupp, Arizona. Rev. Carl Higgs.

Negro—Boggs Academy, Keysville, Ga. Mr. Thomas E. Ross.

Mountain—Sunday School Missionary in the Cumberland Mountains. Mrs. Bessie Albert Oakley, Livingston, Tenn.

General Work of the Board

For information write to Rachel L. Benfer, Secretary for Young People's Work, Board of National Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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but Kwan Chai was only three years old, and had always had special food.

The Bachtells, missionaries in Chieng-rai, agreed to take Kwan Chai; so we sent her up to them, in care of her nurse, until she became accustomed to her new home. One of the last letters that came from Thailand before the invasion was a letter from Mrs. Bachtell, telling that, owing to special care given her diet by the doctor's wife, Kwan Chai had grown until she was almost normal; and was even then singing and playing about the room.

When the invasion came, and the missionaries had to leave the country, the Bachtells left money with their Bible woman, and told her to take Kwan Chai with her, back to her village, where they would be safe from possible bombing. That is the last we have heard. But we commit her, as we commit all these motherless little ones, to a Heavenly Father's tender care, believing that he has a purpose for them, in building his kingdom of peace and love, when war and hatred are ended.

Several months before the war broke out between the United States and Japan, Miss Starling returned to this country for her regular furlough, fully expecting to go back to her Thai children in a few months. Now, of course, she cannot return to them until the war is over. A missionary who came back to America on the *Gripsholm* brought this message from one of her Thai friends: "Tell Miss Starling not to worry. I have had to rent a new place, but we will look after the school." That is the only word she has had, but she knows that she can count on her Christian friends to carry on her work and look after her orphaned children as well as her school until she can return to them. For the coming months she will be spending most of her time on the West Coast telling everyone about her friends in Thailand and about the work that Presbyterian missionaries and national Christians are doing throughout the world.

Kwan Chai, all dressed up in her best clothes and hugging her favorite dolly, is not quite sure whether she is safe in front of a camera or not! She was three years old when this picture was taken.



THE SKOOKUM PAPERS

ELIZABETH BURROWS

INSTALLMENT III

The story so far:

Haines House Harry is trying to find out just what makes the "Skookum papers" owned by his Aunt Mary so valuable that a curio buyer from Seattle is willing to pay \$500 for one. He is unable to get any information from his aunt or from old Foutchou. Finally he goes to the government school teacher.

"Please tell me, Miss Lane, what are the Skookum papers?"

"WHY, don't you know, Harry? Oh, of course, Skookum isn't one of your Thlingit words. It's really a word from the Chinook jargon, the speech of the early traders and the Indians in the country about Puget Sound. It means powerful, strong."

"Then Skookum papers are powerful papers?"

"Yes, something like that. They were probably called Skookum papers at first because Indians who had such papers had more power and influence than those without them."

"How did the Indians get the papers, Miss Lane?"

"After the United States bought Alaska from Russia, American ships began to come frequently to Alaska, bringing army and navy officers and men from the Treasury Department, scientists, too—men who came to study the manners and customs of the Indian people, to chart the strange waters of the Inland Passage and of the North Pacific, to determine where boundary lines should be, to study the flowers and the trees, the seals and the whales and the salmon—everything. These ships would drop anchor at the mouth of the Chilkat or in one of the great bays along the coast. Then the Indians would go on board asking for 'papers' from the captain or someone else of importance. Perhaps the

captain would write something like this: 'I have seen Chief Sha-ko-shah and have found him to be a good man. He is friendly to the whites and tries to show his people the evils of the traffic in hoochino. I believe that it is well to treat him with especial honor.' Then he would sign the paper, attach a red ribbon with sealing wax and give it to the chief. When the next ship came, the chief would show the paper to prove that he could be trusted. Now and then, of course, a captain would find an Indian untrustworthy, in which case he'd give him a paper warning the reader. If the Indian had no one to explain the meaning of the paper to him, he would show it to the next visitors, who would refuse to deal with him. Do you understand now, Harry, what Skookum papers are?"

Harry nodded. Still, he wondered why anyone should want a Skookum paper enough to pay \$500 for it! Before he could ask Miss Lane she went into her pretty, bright living room. In a minute she was back, spectacles on nose, studying a paper that she held in her hand.

"Miss Lane," Harry said, "why do strangers want to buy the papers?"

"It's the signatures that make them valuable. You see, people pay for the names, really." She waved the paper in her hand. "Your aunt let me copy this," she said. "It's signed by General Howard, a man who had much to do with the early history of Alaska after the purchase. Mary has another paper signed by General Jefferson Davis, which must be very valuable. This one says: 'At daylight we anchored off the mouth of the Chilkat River. A strong cold wind lashed the waves. Foutchou, the young chief, was pleased that I got in his canoe, and he asked me for a paper. I gave him one. My interpreter, Colquette, read its contents to him: in substance, that I had

met him, putting in strong words against the liquor trade. This was done with each "chief." They esteem these papers highly. I think when they know their contents, they are influenced by them constantly.' You see, General Howard was writing about our old Foutchou."

Again Harry nodded, wondering how anyone could ever have called old Foutchou the young chief. It was well, he thought, for one who had been young once and now was old to have a paper saying that he was a good man.

"Now I really do understand," Harry said happily and thanked the teacher.

It was late afternoon when Harry ran up the steps of Princess Mary's house. He couldn't eat a bite of supper that evening, though Mary set forth jam of cranberries and salmon roe, sweetened with sugar, and dried blueberry cake. And he couldn't sleep, either.

For a long time he lay quiet on his mattress of thick moss covered with rabbit-skin blankets. On the bed in the next room Princess Mary snored loudly. Harry liked to hear her snore. It made him feel very safe and secure, almost as if a big watchdog were on guard.

The moon looked in at the window. Haines House Harry looked at the moonlight. Suddenly he sat up straight in his bed on the floor. Under the table something white was lying!

(To Be Concluded Next Month.)

New Young People's Secretary

The Rev. Leon D. Sanborne, pastor of Stone Street Presbyterian Church, Watertown, New York, has been appointed Secretary for Young People's Work by the Board of National Missions.

A graduate of Hamilton College and of Union Theological Seminary, Mr. Sanborne has had considerable experience as a missionary. During his student days he served for several summers on mission fields in New York State, in New England, and in Canada. Then from 1930 to 1935 he worked under the Board of National Missions in Arkansas.

Since his ordination, Mr. Sanborne has served as a leader at twelve summer conferences for young people. He will work in collaboration with Miss Rachel L. Benfer.

'Suddenly he sat up. Under the table something white was lying!'





"We live in Thailand."

MAGIC COLOR

BETTY CARMICHAEL

IT was just two days before Christmas when up the winding driveway to Ming Quong Home a white-haired man walked slowly, led by a beautiful big shepherd dog. Just as soon as the two rounded a bend, a shout rang out from the yard and eleven little girls tumbled pell-mell down the path to meet him.

"It's Terry!" they called, all of them at once. Terry looked very pleased when she heard her name. She wagged and wagged her tail, but she had been well trained, so she stayed close to her blind master all the while the Chinese children crowded around. They had a great many things to talk over with the kindly old man, and with Terry, too!

Beverly and Nona skipped along beside their friend. When Mr. Manning was all settled under a big oak tree, he smiled and said: "You sound very happy this afternoon. I thought I heard you playing a game as we walked up the road. What was it this time, Hide and Seek or Follow the Leader?"

Beverly's eyes danced brightly, because it was really her game. She had made it up herself. "Oh, it's the magic color game. Do you want to play it with us, Mr. Manning?"

"That sounds like fun, and I have always loved colors. How do you play your game?"

Suddenly, everyone began to jabber at once. Then, almost as soon as it happened, they burst out laughing, because they sounded just like a lot of squirrels! At last, Beverly was allowed to do the talking.

"It's like this: we play with these things." And she placed two small toys in his hand. "There's a little silver flute, and a brown stick, and there's supposed to be an old red mouth organ that's broken, but we can't find it now, because Nona doesn't ever want to be a red person again and so she won't tell us where

she hid it. When I make music with the flute, I turn somebody into a blue person. When anyone touches the brown stick, she turns brown. If you're touched with even the tiniest corner of the red wood, you get to be a red person. We have so much fun with it. Did you ever play a game like that, Mr. Manning?"

The old man had to confess that he had never played anything quite like that, but he had many other games to tell about and they listened eagerly to him all during dinner.

After dinner, as everyone got up from the tables to go to the living room together, Mr. Manning called to Terry and she came at once from under the table to lead him from the room. At his other side, Beverly slipped her hand into his. She had been very quiet while they were eating.

"Mr. Manning, Nona doesn't want to be a red person any more because she says that red people are Indians and she doesn't know for sure that they are like us inside. We tried to tell her, but she hasn't been at Ming Quong Home very

(Continued on page 10.)



"I only wear these Chinese clothes when I dress up."

THE SKOOKUM PAPERS

ELIZABETH BURROWS

CONCLUSION

SWIFT as the weasel under the old Whale House, Harry crept out from between his rabbit-skin blankets. It was a yellowed sheet of paper which he had seen. In the bright moonlight he could make out on it these bold black words:

General Jeff Davis—Sitka—A. T.—Aug. 5, 1868.

Haines House Harry held in his hand the Skookum paper that the Seattle man wanted most to buy!

Harry found his heart going up and down. He realized what must have happened. After supper Mary had been

looking at the Skookum papers and had dropped one. Her almost blind old eyes had failed to notice the loss.

He thought: "Mary doesn't know that she dropped the paper. I will—I will take it to the Seattle man in Haines tomorrow. I will catch a ride with the driver from the Porcupine Mines. Then after I have sold the paper, I can take Mary to Juneau to have the big doctor make her eyes well. And I can buy Haines House a new rug. Just the day I left I heard the housekeeper say that the old rug was a crime. And I will buy all the candy that I can eat, all winter long. I will hide the candy under my mattress, where Ju hid his dried salmon a little while last winter. Till the housekeeper smelled it. I will be able to hide the candy easier than fish."

He crept out of his room, then down the stairs, which creaked dreadfully, even under his bare feet. Still Indian Mary did not waken. But suddenly Harry's heart was heavy as lead. It weighted down his very feet and made them drag. For he was crossing the floor of the big room and he knew that the eyes of the totem people were peering at him.

He opened the house door and looked up into the sky. The sun was just ready to peep over the eastern mountains. It would soon be full daylight.

The stairs creaked dreadfully, even under his bare feet.



Harry thought: "I will go down by the river and sit near the big rock. From there I can see when the Porcupine car comes down the road, past the upper village, on its way to Haines."

He still held the Skookum paper in his hand. Pretty soon he was sitting on the white sand by the big rock. He waited and waited. The gulls began to clamor, crying as they flew on down the river toward Haines House:

"*Ishan hut! Ishan hut!* (Poor me! Poor me!)"

Or was it Princess Mary crying to herself, alone in the house up there: "*Ishan hut! Ishan hut!*"

A gull flew close to Harry's head. He could hear a low sad voice saying: "*De-kee-ang-kow ha-each howkliyuh!* (The Heavenly Father made us.) *Ha-yateen! Ha-yateen!* (And he sees all! And he sees all!)"

Suddenly, there in the shadow of the rock Princess Mary sat. Her head covered with a blanket, she was rocking back and forth and wailing: "*Ishan hut! Ishan hut!* (Poor me! Poor me!)"

Harry wakened sobbing. The great gulls were blue shadows against the white peaks that lined the river. The sun had come over the ridge. Its light flooded the white sands and made a dazzling pathway across the spit as Haines House Harry raced home.

"Mary! Mary!" he cried as he burst into the upper room of the house, where Mary sat alone eating her breakfast of fish and tea. "You lost your Skookum paper. I found it. I was going to sell it!"

Gradually he sobbed out the whole story, his black head pillowed in Mary's lap as if he were a little boy again.

"*Yakeyede gutago!* (Good boy!)" said Mary. "Haines House and Klukwan will yet be proud of thee."

"Here is the paper," said Haines House Harry shyly.

"It is yours, Ga-hay-yeh," said Mary, stroking his head with her knotted fingers. "I saved it out to give thee. Come, first eat. Then we catch a ride with the Porcupine driver, who will take us this morning to Haines. The merchant, Blake,

(Continued on page 10.)

He sobbed out the whole story, his black head pillowed in Mary's lap.



CHILDREN OF THE LEBANON

MABEL H. ERDMAN

KEFFA'S family lives in the Lebanon Mountains of Syria in a very small village that clings to a ledge on the mountain side. Many of the village streets are so steep that they are really stairways, and sometimes when it rains they are turned into little riverbeds. Carts and automobiles cannot travel on such streets, but the people and their faithful donkeys go up and down in all sorts of weather.

Most of the houses in Keffa's village are built of limestone, and have flat mud roofs. There are one or two houses with pretty red tile roofs, and there is also a church and a school. Keffa, who is nearly twelve years old, no longer goes to school. She can read quite well, and when she goes to church on Sunday she is able to follow the Bible reading and can sing all the verses of the hymns. Even her mother and father cannot do that, for before the mission school was started there a few years ago, practically no one in the village had had an opportunity to learn to read and write.

Keffa's mother is called "Im Sammy" which means "Mother of Sammy" for it is the custom in Syria for a mother to take the name of her first son. Sammy is really the youngest in the family, but

the older children are all girls, so he has the honor of giving his name to his parents. His father is called "Abu Sammy" or "Father of Sammy" and he is very proud indeed to be called by that name. Keffa and Sammy are the only children at home now, for the three older girls are married and have gone away to live in other villages. Keffa's name means "Enough." Her parents gave her that name when she was born because she was the fourth daughter, and they thought they had girls enough in their family!

One day in the autumn Keffa and her mother had finished washing the clothes and hanging them up to dry and Keffa suddenly said, "Look, my mother; see the water buffalo there in those heavy clouds over the plain, and behind him there is a wolf, running fast! Do you see, my mother?"

"Ah, yes," said Im Sammy, "When we see animals in the clouds it means the rainy season is about to begin. Thanks be to God that your father and Sammy have finished ploughing the earth between the olive trees!"

"And it is well that we have finished making the tomato paste and the storing of the dried beans, figs, and raisins," added her daughter proudly, for she had

The streets are really stairways.



"Why not have a barber in and give the children each a haircut for Christmas?" I suggested.

His face brightened. "Oh, I could if I had the money to pay a barber for all day." Never had I been so glad to part with a ten yen bill!

After he had left, I fell to pondering again the knotty problem of what we might give Inouye San for Christmas. We'd tried so *many* things! Food he gave away, likewise shirts or any other article of clothing. If I could only think of something that could be clamped on, like handcuffs—not to be removed. No use—it would have to be something he could feel free to give or share with his beloved friends and neighbors. So complete was his identification with them that his gift was theirs and only by sharing it with them, could it be truly his.

When spring came the coal shortage abated, and trucks carried the precious fuel down to the Yuai-en where weekly baths were indulged in by the entire neighborhood. On a sunny June day I was thinking of how happy Inouye San had been when last I had seen him. The door bell rang and there he stood. I gave one look at his face, which spelled tragedy. "Inouye San—the bath—what's happened?"

"The drought (we had had no rain for over two months). Our district is so low we get no water even when other parts of the city are supplied."

"But mornings and evenings when the water is turned on?" I asked.

"Not even then," he replied. "The city saves on us. They think we have pumps and can use those. We could, but the water is tainted and typhoid is breaking out." Then his face brightened, as he proudly added, "But I boil the water and store it in the bath tub." His voice lingered lovingly over the word. "It's so nice and new and clean. Then the people can all come and get safe drinking water, even, if they can't take baths." This time there was no need of compensation, such as barbers. The bath tub had justified its existence!

There is nothing in Inouye San's outward appearance to remotely suggest a resemblance to those stalwart, bearded shepherds in flowing robes that grace the highly-colored illustrations in one of my favorite childhood volumes of New Testament stories. But inwardly he certainly has the "makings" of a good shepherd. Not only is this shown in the care of his underprivileged children, but in his concern for others as well. I recall one wintry dawn in February when an uprising of reactionary forces caused the death of some of the finest Japanese leaders. Rumors were abroad of further violence, and terror spread through the city. We were wakened by a call from Inouye San. His clothes were soaked with wet snow and his shoes looked as though he had tramped miles

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ROARING BORING ALICE THE FIRST

FRED G. KLEREKOPER

(Continued from February issue.)

WE were hoping to reach Oliktuk Point, where there are remains of old sod igloos. This would be an easy place to locate if our gasoline gave out and we had to walk. Oliktuk Point is ten miles from the nearest inhabited Eskimo dwelling. We ate our lunch in silence, thinking about the long walk we might have to make, wondering what to take with us should we leave the snowmobile. We ought to have a primus stove to heat water, a reindeer steak, and a change of boots. I had packed a pair of skis on the sled from which we could make a sled to pull our supplies.

The gas could not possibly last much longer. After lunch we put the water in the radiator and started out. The going was good and finally Oliktuk appeared in the distance of that vast field of ice and snow. Seldom has an abandoned igloo been a more welcome sight than that old sod house on Oliktuk Point!



Ten miles beyond us was Abraham Stine's. He had a dog team, and would take us to Beechy Point for gas. Last summer we had sent a drum of gasoline there, and it should be waiting for us. We laid a straight compass course for Abraham's. Up here the winds usually blow from the northeast. They blow the snow into drifts which run northeast and southwest. If one keeps the proper angle across the drifts, it is comparatively easy to find the way over the ice. We had a map, a ruler, a compass, and a protractor.

Alice puffed hard and had little power. The snow was deep and soft. But Stine's place finally did loom up and we still were moving. Before the gas gave out we got there. Susie, Abraham's wife, is one of the biggest and most big-hearted Eskimos I know. We looked in the gas tank and found just about a half-inch of gas left. Susie gave us a gallon to add to this bit. The sun came out, and we could see Beechy Point in the distance.

But just as we climbed into the car, we found that the spring on the other side had broken. That meant more mending with boards and rope. As we bumped along, we felt as though each snow drift were made of concrete, and we were riding them in a tank.

Two miles from Beechy Point we ran out of gas, but half a mile away we saw Jack Smith's boats laid up for the winter, covered with canvas. We took off the canvas and crawled in to see if he had accidentally left any gasoline in them in the fall; but we found only empty tanks. Discouraged, we walked back to Alice, and . . . happy thought! The gasoline stove had a two-gallon tank; the blow-torch had a quart. We poured in the gas, which seemed "good

"Susie, Abraham's wife, is one of the biggest, most big-hearted Eskimos I ever knew."

to the last drop," and started out again. "Walton, hold your breath and sit tight!" I said. Fifty yards from the house, Alice gave up. We had not a drop of gas, two springs were broken, the clutch was in bad condition. We were 250 miles from home. Perhaps the old-timers were right. We might have to walk home.

There is a village at Beechy Point, and Jack Smith has a forge and an anvil and many things to help people in such a plight as ours; but naturally he did not have any spring steel. I walked thoughtfully around Alice, thinking of those broken springs. Deep in thought, I bumped into the bumper. Aha! There was our steel! We took the bumper off, and made springs of it.

For two days we stayed at the Point and worked on our equipment. Jack is seventy-two years old but has never lost his interest in things and his imagination. He was enthusiastic about the snowmobile and thought it would be just the thing for this country. Jack never turns a man away hungry from

his house. He is married to an Eskimo wife, and they have three children, all with red hair and blue eyes. Their house is spotlessly clean and they manage very well.

Finally on Friday morning we started off, with everything under control but the weather. It was very foggy and we could not see a hundred yards; and there was so much reflected light from the snow that we could not see the drifts. Everything looked all the same. We made fair time, and came to the house of Kakienak, an Eskimo hunter. Alice was the first car he had ever seen. He looked her all over and then said, "She doesn't look like the pictures I have seen!" That is certainly true; there isn't another creature on wheels (or chains or skis) who looks like Alice. Kakienak had not seen any other people all winter, either, excepting his own family. He had had good hunting, and had twenty-five white fox skins ready to take to Beechy Point to trade. We traded him a pound of our coffee and half a box of shotgun shells for some fur socks.



"I played Santa Claus to Agiak's children."

Saturday we went on to Brownlow Point, and spent Sunday with Henry Chamberlain, the trader, who has a warm cabin below the snow. It has only one room, but it is a home, and that means much on a barren coast. While we were there, someone came in with word that the gas we had left at our next point had been used. In the Arctic, it may be a matter of life or death to have gasoline for a boat or other use, and the news was not altogether surprising, although we were counting on this supply. But Henry without any hesitation offered us what we needed from his year's supply. We knew that without gasoline he could not use his fishing boats, his means of earning a living; and we knew he could not get wood from the trading center without his boat to carry it in, and it was wood he used to heat his cabin and do his cooking. Yet he said, "Sure, if you need gas, take it!" Henry does not pronounce all his words correctly, but he is well schooled in hospitality.

This was our farthest east point, and after a second storm-bound day we turned back. A snowbird came and sat

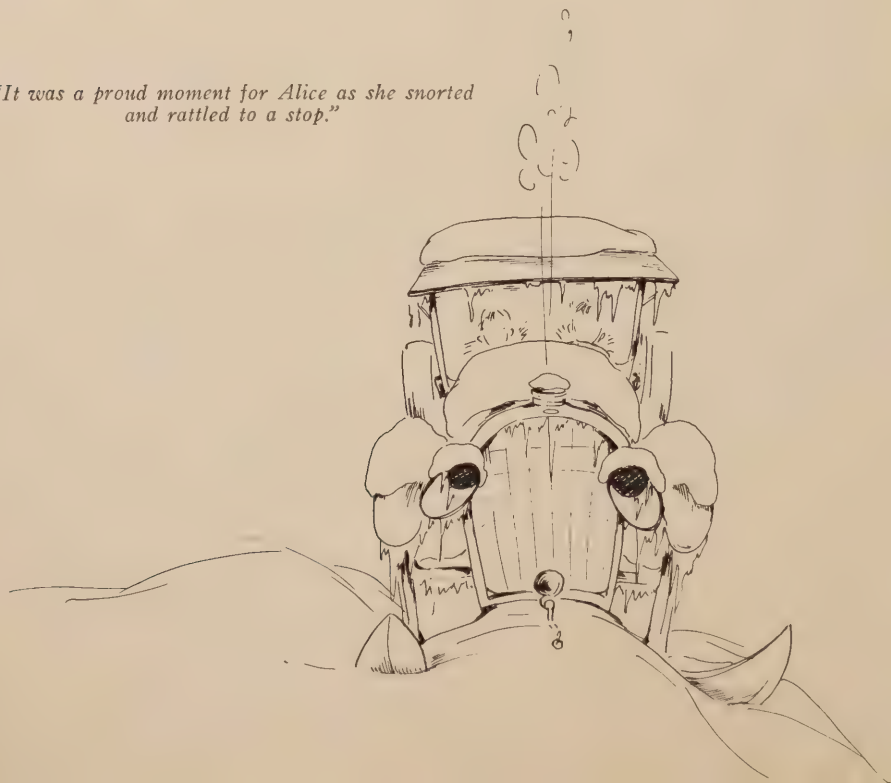
on our radiator when we stopped for lunch. It looked lonesome and hungry, and I put some crumbs on the hood. After a little fright, it came back and we looked each other over. We both seemed satisfied and went on with our lunches.

There is an Eskimo family living in a house of split driftwood logs, covered with sod, under a snow bank. They are Christians, and wanted their two youngest babies baptized. So I stayed at Agiak's house and baptized the babies, and we had a communion service for just this one family. And the next morning I played Santa Claus to Agiak's children. To be sure Santa Claus did not come in a reindeer sleigh, and he did not have long white whiskers; he came in an old Ford, and brought a dress, a cap, a book to color, and a set of crayons. Christmas in April, with gifts from as far away as the North Pole is to children in the States!

Back at Jack Smith's again, we held church services in his house for the people at the Point. And then we made a plan that shows what life is like in

(Continued on page 10.)

"It was a proud moment for Alice as she snorted and rattled to a stop."



THE BRIDGE OF CHRISTMAS

CONSTANCE HALLOCK

NINE thousand Christmas gifts! That is what many of you readers of MISSIONARY MAIL helped to give to the families of Japanese Americans interned at Heart Mountain, Wyoming, since last spring. The Rev. Donald Toriumi, who used to live in Los Angeles, has written to tell us about Christmas at Heart Mountain. Two-thirds of the 11,000 people in the Center are American citizens—that is, they are boys and girls and young men and women who were born in the United States. These young people say, "Well, if we're real Americans, why do we have to stay here instead of being out with other Americans, helping in the war?" And they have been very unhappy.

Then came Christmas. The Girl Scout troop in the camp said, "What is Christmas without Christmas carols? Let's sing to everybody in the Center!" They began the week before Christmas, and other groups took it up in different parts of the camp. Even the soldiers on guard were not forgotten.

The Sunday school had to give its Christmas program three times, for there is no building in the camp large enough to hold all of the people at once. On Christmas night each of the twenty blocks of barracks had its Christmas party. That was when Santa Claus brought those 9,000 Christmas gifts from all over the United States.

Some of the presents got there in strange ways. For instance, the boys and girls at the mission school in Truchas, New Mexico, wanted to send gifts; but Truchas is just a little plaza in the mountains, forty miles from a store. What could they do? Some of the teachers went to town and brought a large number of simple gifts themselves. Then they came back and had a "store" at the school, so that the children could

buy gifts for the Center. Some of them did not have any money, but brought pumpkins, wheat, chickens, and other farm products to pay for the gifts.

Here are a few of the letters that came in from the boys and girls. We'll start with Muneto, who is eight. "Morning. Dear Sir. Thank you for the color book. I color about ten pages. I color the rattlesnake. I color it brown yellow and black. My sister color my book she color two and my boy freind color one and my sister girl freind color one too. I am eight. My birthday is on May the eight. I am in the second grade. Good by and Good luck. From your freind Muneto Yemastu. I forget Thank you for the color."

May Yamaga tells us a little bit more. "How are you I hope you are fine. I am fine too. Thank you very much for the lovely present. I taugh the Santa Claus wasn't coming this year. But I got a lovely present this year. I am in the Third Grade and I am 8 years old. I was living in San Jose California. I left San Jose in May 28, 1942 and came to Pomona Assembly Center. I left Pomona at August 15, and got on train 4 day and 3 nights and came here at 6:00 P. M. August 18. Well I hope you have a nice time Goodby."

You probably have often seen pictures of Japanese landscape, or have made little landscape scenes yourself, to use as table decorations. There is almost always a bridge somewhere in the scene. Mr. Toriumi writes, "Some bridges along the road of life are pleasant and happy to cross, while some are not. We have just crossed the bridge of Christmas at Heart Mountain. It has been of blessing to us. This bridge was made up of 'Hearts creative,' put together by Christ's spirit of love." And you helped to build the bridge.

Hakudo Inouye of Japan

(Continued from page 5.)

He had. No trams or buses were running that fateful day, so he had walked, or rather limped, the whole distance of ten miles from his slum to our home.

"Come in—come in. You are wet and cold. Why have you come all this distance so early in the day?" My husband and I asked simultaneously. We had not heard of the assassinations. He told us what had happened. Then he said: "I just came to see that you were safe (Ah, the dear, good little shepherd, counting his sheep!) There were rumors—I didn't know—but I wanted to know that you were safe."

There is something contagious about Inouye San's enthusiasm for doing things for other people. Busy men and idle, rich women have been caught by it, and are now working behind the scenes to make possible the carrying out of the many plans for his people's happiness that Inouye San is forever proposing. A clinic with a doctor, just at a time when medicines and supplies are almost impossible to get, has been recently started at the neighborhood house and has become an actual reality, regardless of obstacles.

While vacationing in the mountains in the summer of 1941, word came to me to please come to the Yuai-en on my return, in order to teach them how to use the beautiful new electric oven (a great luxury and rarity even in wealthy Japanese homes) that some admirer had presented to Inouye San. Now it was there, the question was what to do with it. Perhaps, it was suggested, I could teach them to make little cakes for the children. They missed their sweets now that all the cake shops were closed, because of lack of sugar.

The earth may rock about us; hate and greed may be creeping in to bring ruin with them, but in a miserable slum

in Tokyo there is a "house built on the rocks" (although in reality the foundations are laid in a swamp), which will stand firm as a monument to God's love, because one frail little body quietly practices being a good neighbor and a good shepherd to all those with whom he comes in contact. With childlike faith Hakudo Inouye believes in the goodness of his fellow-men and in the watchful and loving care of God for all mankind.

(Reprinted from *Unforgettable Disciples*.)

Roaring Boring Alice the First

(Continued from page 8.)

Alaska. Jack has a good many furs that he wants to send out to sell at Fairbanks. Now if you will look on the map you will see that there is no road, railroad, or any other ordinary way of getting from the Arctic coast far inland to Fairbanks. But this is what we planned: Jack would send his furs by dog-sled to me at Barrow when he had them ready. Airplanes come to Barrow. I would load his furs for him at Barrow and send them out to Fairbanks that way. From dog-sled to airplane, with nothing else in between!

And so we drove back along the coast, Alice valiantly making her way through the drifts, and stopping from time to time at a lonely hunter's cabin or at some little settlement of Eskimo fishermen. When we were nearing home, Alice snorted and stretched out to her fullest twenty-five miles an hour, and only ran into two snow banks. Just outside Barrow, we took off the muffler and let her roar. Everybody who heard came running out to watch her come over the hill. It was a proud moment for Alice as she snorted and rattled to a stop. One old-timer who had bet she would not make it vowed he was going to look for a place farther north. Civilization was getting too close for him!

PERMANENT FILE

BARROW FOLDER - Unit of Work in Alaska



It was a gala day in Barrow when a walrus was killed. Jubilant shouting would announce the glad tidings long before the boat reached shore. The entire populace would help with the butchering, and then the carcass would be equally divided. Photos by Florence C. Dakin

ON THE ICE-PACK'S RIM BY FLORENCE C. DAKIN AS TOLD TO EDITH RICHMOND THOMAS

I MAY have had some apprehension when I landed at Barrow on August 6, 1921, to take charge of the little Presbyterian hospital. But I survived eight years of taking pulses and

temperatures, and other things not quite so routine—and I was neither frozen to death, mauled by polar bears, carried away on an ice floe, nor forced to eat walrus blubber for sustenance.

At the feast of Nelukatuk, celebrating the return of the whale hunters, the Eskimos enjoyed their favorite tid-bit, the blackskin of the whale. Seeing them eat meat for the first time, one is sure that a nose will be missing before the end of the meal.

There was very little ice in the vicinity of Barrow as we approached, and the Arctic Ocean was free to treat our small boat as it pleased. I longed to reach shore, even though I expected to land on an ice-bound waste. Imagine my surprise to find the country flat and brown, just like the Nome country, with brave little flowers peeping through the grass.

Nor will I ever forget the pleasant surprise in store for me when I had walked across the beach sand to the hospital of which I was to take charge. The building was lighted up in gala array, flags flying, and phonograph playing in honor of my arrival.

The first day I went up into the attic to prepare a place for my supplies. How cold it was! I shook all over, and my teeth chattered as if they would drop out of my head! I confided to Ned, the Eskimo janitor, that I thought I was on the verge of freezing to death. He looked surprised, and assured me that the temperature was just right for him.

One of the first things I did after my arrival was to go on a tour, with an interpreter, to visit the homes of the people who might come under my care. The native igloos were built partially underground, and to reach them



we had to creep on our hands and knees through the long, dark passages. When we did get inside, standing was impossible. I tried to stand once, but my head almost went through the low ceiling.

Invariably we found the women of the household squatting on the floor tanning or sewing skins. They seemed perfectly oblivious of discomfort. One woman had not walked for fifteen years, and she did not even complain at being buried alive.

One old man, who was paralyzed from the waist down, lived each summer on a bench outside one of the igloos, with only a small tent over him for shelter. In the fall some kind-hearted Eskimo would take him into his igloo to spare him the pangs of freezing to death.

After that first visit to the igloos, I staggered down to the beach for a breath of unadulterated polar air, and a chance to check up on my reactions. Surely I had had enough of a shock for one day! But suddenly a young polar bear cub came bounding into my lap! I hadn't yet recovered from my astonishment when some parka-clad youngsters rushed up and whisked the little white fellow away. Those children didn't realize my near-panic. The cub was their little live playmate.

I soon found I had little time to kill in Barrow. That first year was a busy one. My first recruit to the hospital was a little boy who had tuberculosis; but it was only on his third visit that his terror of the strangeness about him subsided enough that he could be induced to remain for treatment. His first bichloride bath set him howling loud enough to raise the ghosts of his pre-historic ancestors! When he got

I was nearly panic-stricken the first time a polar bear cub jumped into my lap. But he was the children's little live playmate, and the parka clad youngsters whisked him away, not even realizing that the little fellow had frightened me.



Skin-tossing may look like a way of keeping warm, but actually it is the greatest skin-game ever devised, and a favorite game of the Eskimos. The winning player is the one who can keep his balance longest on the tossing walrus-skin blanket.

used to things, however, he rather

liked the hospital and his treatments. That first —Please turn to page 30.

In the evening, after the skin-tossing games were over, the Eskimos danced in the big circle to the beat of drums.



ON THE ICE-PACK'S RIM

(Continued from page 17)

year I attended sixty long-staying patients in the hospital, and at least a thousand temporary cases. Stray ships would sometimes touch at Barrow with a patient or two, and to them the hospital was a God-send. Captain Roald Amundson visited us frequently. He, as well as other noted explorers who have visited that far-north station, declared that the establishment of the Barrow hospital was one of the most beneficent acts any institution had ever performed.

THE Eskimos, themselves, are naturally explorers, and think nothing of traveling long distances. I have no doubt that many of them have crossed the North Pole without realizing it. One boy who worked at the hospital had traveled on foot all the way to Demarcation Point — four hundred miles of barren waste—taking the census. Nor was it unusual to have a visitor drop in on his way to or from Siberia in an open skin boat.

The map on the wall in the hospital corridor was a source of great interest to all visiting Eskimos, and it seemed every one of them knew from personal adventure most of the northern points.

Office hours were always mixed with various other activities, and there was no keeping a strict schedule. There was cleaning, taking inventory, handling enough drugs to run a pharmacy, and always the necessity to keep close track of the food supply.

Ordering supplies by mail involved much hard work, for it was hard to foresee exactly how much of everything we should have sent up one

summer for the following year. There was no possibility, in those days, of sending a radio S.O.S. and having some forgotten item flown in. My lists included eggs packed in salt, butter in pound bricks packed in barrels of brine, bacon crated in salt, hams in gelatin cases, canned goods, and dried fruits.

All these supplies had to be kept in the laundry or kitchen, where it was warm enough to prevent their freezing. Medicines too, had to be protected from the cold. During the summer we lit the furnace daily, but through the long winter the fire was never allowed to go out.

Had food supplies from the Outside failed to arrive, we would still not have been in danger of starving at Barrow. In spring and fall, large flocks of ducks and geese fly over Barrow, joining their cries with those of the Arctic terns, whistling swans, ptarmigans, snipes, snowy owls, and ptarmigans, until the air is filled with a raucous tumult.

I never tired of seeing the way the ptarmigans decked themselves in white raiment in about the middle of August, so that they blended with the snows of winter. Then each spring they took on the mottled hue that blended with the tundra. The boys who took care of the big reindeer herds used to bring in eggs of the wild fowls, and they were well worth the dime apiece we paid for them.

It may sound paradoxical, but there was a cold-storage at Barrow in which meat for the winter was kept. It was merely a storage room hewn out of solid ice, and entered by a four-foot-square passage. Occasionally the frost on its walls became so thick that it had to be defrosted. About fifty reindeer carcasses always hung in the storage room, and each was as safe as if it were in a private refrigerator. People would go down and cut off their own steaks as they needed them.

NO ONE ever thought of helping himself to someone else's meat. In my estimation, one of the finest traits of the Eskimo is his innate honesty. He simply does not lie nor steal. Our two-hundred tons of coal lay in sacks on the open beach for weeks, but not one sack was touched, in spite of the fact that the poor people needed coal badly.

In the fall the boys would go out hunting for birds, and as they returned across the lagoon with their boats loaded, they would shout, laugh and yell to let everyone know of their success. The birds were stored for winter use, and they supplied the down for innumerable quilts we made.

We always had plenty of fish, and each season brought its own varieties of game. No sooner was the duck season over when seal-hunting started. Then came the oogaruk, walrus, whale, and caribou seasons. Always in the background lurked that circumpolar navigator, the polar bear.

There were many other pleasures

besides hunting. We had picnics, and some of the more energetic went in for surf-bathing and kayak racing. It was not the sort of surf-bathing one enjoys on the warm beaches of California. One time a couple of Eskimo boys stayed in the water a minute too long, and came out with terrific chills. They were rushed to the hospital, but they failed to respond to hot coffee, medicine, or massage. As a last resort, I turned on the phonograph and made them dance.

Those were two patients who had me properly frightened! I thought they would never stop shaking! The last remedy did the trick, however, and ever after that I kept a good supply of lively records.

The Arctic ice was captain of the port of Barrow, and boats could reach us only in the summer. We considered ourselves lucky to get mail twice a year — once in summer by boat, and once by dogteam in winter. Sometimes we could see the boats for days before they arrived, or before the seas would permit their landing. Then we would nearly go crazy before we could learn what boat it was, and whether it had mail.

SOMETIMES mail and supplies would be transferred at the last minute to a stray ship en route to Barrow, so we never knew what to expect. At best it might be six months or a year between the time our letters were posted and the time they reached us.

A favorite summer visitor to Barrow was Captain John Backland, of the schooner C. S. Holmes. He had been a minister, and he would always oblige us by preaching a sermon in the little Presbyterian Church. He never failed to attract an over-flow audience. He had the faculty of relating his sermons to things the people understood and knew. His "Jonah and the Whale" sermon was a masterpiece, in which he used all nautical terms, and it was so funny that I could scarcely keep from laughing during the entire time of its delivery.

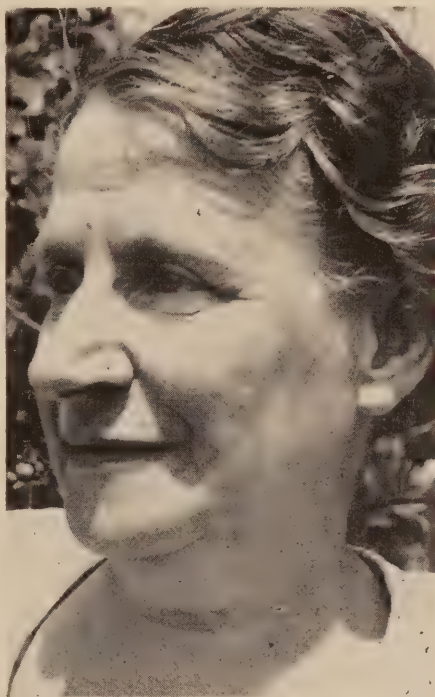
Captain Backland is now dead, and the schooner C. S. Holmes, in which he plied the Arctic trade for thirty years, has been requisitioned for war service. His son, John Backland, Jr., who accompanied his illustrious father on many Arctic voyages, is now serving our country as a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy.

A few days after I reached Barrow, one of the eleven white women there brought me an oil stove, saying that I might need it soon. The next morning the ice lay in big slabs all over the ocean; but, as the water was calm, no ice had yet blown up onto the beach.

We could see giant slabs of ice floating by, and sometimes, mounted in the saddles, rode big black walruses. The sight was like waving a red flag before a bull; every last Eskimo would race for his spear. They would pile into their big oomiaks and paddle out in pursuit. It was a gala day in Barrow

when a walrus was killed. Jubilant shouting would announce the glad tidings long before the boat reached shore, and the entire populace would rush down to the beach to watch the hunters come in. Each one would do his share of the butchering, and the cut-up carcass would be divided equally among the villagers.

With winter bearing down in earnest, I found I had to have fur boots and a muskrat parka in order to withstand the cold. Summer had been cold, in my estimation. What would winter be like? Suddenly we were frozen in. In a single night, ice had accumulated in huge piles all along the beach. By the first week in October, the ground was white with snow, and the temperature ranged around twelve above zero in the mornings. For some reason I felt the cold



I may have had some apprehensions when I first landed in Barrow, but I spent eight happy, profitable years nursing among the Eskimos. Our aim was to teach them to become the teachers and leaders of their own people.

more than I did when the mercury fell to twenty or thirty below, later on.

With the approach of winter, the days and nights became indistinguishable. A deep twilight lasted in varying degrees for half the year. The Arctic night at Barrow is actually of seventy days' duration, and ends at noon on January 23. On that day the upper edge of the sun-disc appears above the southern horizon. Then, on the following day, the whole disc is visible.

Each day thereafter finds the sun rising a little earlier, and a little farther to the east, and setting later and a little farther to the west. Sometimes the nights were actually lighter than the days, for the moon and stars shone brilliantly. Moreover, the iridescent colors of the Northern Lights spilled down

so scared; her heart was beating all the time."

The Eskimo children loved school, and we endeavored to keep them well, and in school as much of the time as possible. I have always felt that my work at Barrow, besides being one of the most pleasant periods of my life, was exceedingly worthwhile. We were extremely proud of the fine records some of our Point Barrow Eskimos were making in the American universities. It is those young people who eventually become the teachers of their race. Our entire work with them was done in the spirit of helping them—teaching them to help themselves.

In 1936, after the depression had long curtailed the funds of the Presbyterian Missionary Board, they were no longer able to maintain the Barrow hospital. At that time the Indian Service took charge, and carried on until the building was destroyed by fire in 1937. It was almost two years later that the present hospital was completed by the Government to continue serving the needs of the Eskimos and other adventurers on the ice-pack's rim. #6

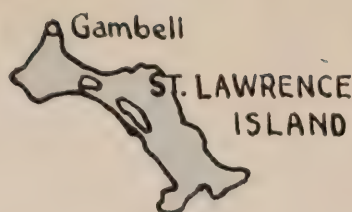
ALASKA

On...

PERM. FILE

Return to
as per
Hornes

3/46



ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND

By Paul H. Nelms

FOR three years, during the war, construction jobs took me to some rather remote sections of Alaska. Long months in many of these places sometimes made you feel that it would be best to remain in or near the larger cities, like Anchorage or Fairbanks. There was an appeal in the care-free life of these booming cities, so we more or less developed two types of "gripes." One was to get to the cities when we were away; and, when we were in the city, to swear that if we ever got out in the field again, there we would be content to remain!

Usually I prefer to be in the most remote regions, seeing new things and learning of new people. Often we carried our requests to the extreme and sometimes got extreme results. You may be kidding and they in charge would take you seriously or for that matter they really couldn't or didn't care where they sent you, for a job had to be done.

It was just after one of these brief visits to Anchorage that I remarked to a construction engineer of the Civil Aeronautics Administration, "Why don't you send me way out—somewhere that's a little off the beaten path?" and I waited to see the effect of my half humorous request.

"Well," he replied, "as a matter of fact, I have just returned from Gambell, where I found not the slightest congestion in traffic. In case you don't know it, Gambell is on St. Lawrence Island, right in the path of the icefloes, and there is exactly where you are going. And if you get crowded you might ride over to Siberia on an ice cake where I also understand you are not exactly bothered by Metropolitan City Life!"

Several days later our plane, the NC-19 squatted at the end of the runway at Merrill Field. Her nose was stuffed with duffel bags and brief cases, rolls of blue prints and boxes of tools. Her belly bulged with more tools, food and equipment. Five of us crawled in and sprawled out where we could find a place to sprawl. It was raining; the sky was overcast, the pilot was cheerful but there wasn't anything romantic about our get-away. The higher we climbed the more rain turned to sleet, pretty soon ice

formed and would break off, slapping the fuselage with a bang! Three men had gone to sleep by the time we were over the mountains and the fourth looked at me and said, "Who in hell talked me into this?" I grinned and thought, "Well, it isn't exactly a beautiful day for scenery but we are going new places." We slid out of the clouds and landed at McGrath where the plane took on gas and I took on a cold, dry, tasteless sandwich and a cup of mud for one dollar.

The sunshine broke through over Norton Sound and the shimmering sea beneath was a pretty sight. Now and then you could see a small cluster of shacks along the shore line—that was all the likelihood of habitation. There was a long stretch of desolate, bleak and barren country to remind one that Alaska is still a vast unexplored wilderness. I pondered the map remembering the little dots that marked the Eskimo villages of this vast area. This was their country and still farther north was more country, still theirs. Here they could live their primitive, carefree life, be better off than after we brought them "our ways." I thought of the oil fields around Pt. Barrow, and gold of the Nome district. I even wished for the log books of all whaling ships that annually left for the Arctic waters for long expeditions, that I might find references to these St. Lawrence Islanders. What was it really like over there? I knew Eskimo villages along the mainland, but St. Lawrence was supposed to be different. Dreary reflections were instantly blotted out for we were over Nome. The sun was bright and as we set down on the runway I was absolutely flabbergasted to see so many planes. It looked like thousands of transport, bombers and fighter planes. Lend Lease was in evidence for the Red Star of Russia was on every plane while Russian pilots laughed and chatted in groups and others took pictures of one another. "Gas wagons" whizzed about gas-sing up planes. The place was alive and we took on new life.

Somehow I had always imagined Nome as different than it was. Boats lighter freight from miles out, for there is no har-

bor. No water or sewer systems. In summer, some water is piped and sewage is maintained where it can reach the beach. Water may be purchased from a water wagon for drinking purposes, which hauls from the springs daily. The sewage system consists of the "Honey Wagon" which for a fee makes regular calls at intervals throughout the week, removing your toilet pails and leaves you "empties" till he calls again.

Old machinery, relics of the early gold rush days, is littered all over the place. Shacks fringe the city and houses front right to the street. They appear to have been built in a hurry as if one was anxious to have to have a place to get into before the cold winter set in. Board walks enable one to walk out of the mud, where they have them, and all through the night you can hear the clunk, clunk of feet while you wonder if the people ever go to bed!

There is a brisk business everywhere in Nome. In summer the main street is teeming with life and some bars are so crowded you have to wait till someone comes out before you go in! Eskimo girls in parka and mukluks parade up and down the street in groups, filling the air with jovial laughter. Out from the city on the sand spit the King Islanders came each summer to sit under their upturned umiaks and carve ivory for the tourists, who never cease to marvel at the wonder of the Northland.

Some day engineering will give Nome a water and sewage system that will function throughout its long winters. The city will take on new life and grow in a permanent way and become quite modern in its physical set-up, for the people there are of "stern stuff" and of all who go there this strange thing happens: The longer you are there the more you like Nome.

The C.A.A. already has a large communication station well staffed and the Army Airfield is a work of genius with facilities for large numbers of planes.

Good weather prevailed and next day, after an hour and a half over water, we landed on the bumpy airfield at Gambell



"How will you do that stitch? That's easy, we'll do it this way"

All photos by the author

on St. Lawrence Island. It was then I realized I was really off the beaten path this time. Instantly I liked the place. There is a weirdness about it but the natives are so friendly and good natured you couldn't help but feel at ease. The entire population came out to meet the plane. The men wore white drill parkas, the women had parkas of every color, flowered calico, pink, yellow, green, and even striped bed ticking, all adorned with a neat ruff of rabbit fur dyed black about the hood.

Likewise the children were as colorful in their younger outfits, while the babies "took the show" astride their mother's necks and shoulders, padded in blue stuffed suits with a massive hood trimmed in rabbit fur. They alone seemed wide eyed with excitement—all others showed passive interest. Quite a few of the men and older boys pitched in and helped unload the plane to waiting tractor sledges.

Once while moving a rifle an Eskimo adult grinned and asked, "Maybe this your gun?" whereupon he promptly took it out of the case and gave it a thorough examina-

tion, passed it around to several others and then added, "Maybe you trade to me for ivory, it's a very fine rifle."

They know their rifles, too. I saw every imaginable rifle: 220 Swift, 218 Bee, 219 Zipper, 270 Winchester, 30-06, 300 Savage, and 30-30's galore. The shotgun is in great demand because it enables them to secure many more large waterfowl than the rifle.

But when they saw my camera cases and told me they had their own movie camera, projector and films they had taken of their own walrus and whale hunts, I had begun to wonder if I was in such a remote place after all! Later I learned that the teacher of the Indian Affairs had encouraged them to make such pictures.

The first thing I learned was that on St. Lawrence Island the weather is bad. Day after day my field notes show: "Rain, fog, and wind." Wind was almost constant, while fog drifted in at will. The Island is engulfed in fog practically all the year. When the sun does shine during summer months, you can always find women with

their babies out in groups on the south side of the houses to exchange gossip.

The village of Gambell has a large group of frame houses, irregularly placed, but in the main, they front the sea at safe distance from the shore ice which piles high inland during winter.

Most of the households own two houses—one is known as a summer house and in this they live during the summer months in a less crowded condition, whereas the winter house is indeed a winter home. It is usually much smaller than the summer home, built of two rooms. The back room is really a room within a room, insulated with furs, on the floor is the walrus hide, hard and smooth and has the effect of a good rug. In this room the family sleeps, each in his allotted place; it is also the place they cook, eat and spend most of their long cold dark months of winter. For heat, a seal oil lamp burns constantly. This same lamp serves as a cook stove over which hangs a pot. Since food for an Eskimo does not need severe boiling there is sufficient heat, and the room with its scant ventila-



Digging for fossil ivory.

tion gets unbelievably warm. In olden days (and in some homes now) the practice was to strip to the waist when inside, laying the damp garments and furs over the drying rack which is suspended from the ceiling over the stove.

The only other room of the winter house is the outer room, which is first entered from the outside through the entrance way door. This door is small, about three feet square and high off the ground. A man can swing one leg over the sill and straddle in while women and children require a stepping stone. She steps on the stepping block, deftly raises her parka, throws over one leg, bends her body so that a leg and head goes in at the same time. They can make a quick entrance.

Most outer rooms have clean gravel floors. The most fascinating parts of this room are the walls. Hung about are harpoons; skin ropes; seal skin pokes, some of which are inflated with air, while others are packed full of "greens," an item of food consisting of willow leaves, herbs and other plant life gathered from the tundra. Moldy green covers the skins of the waterfowl which have been skinned out carefully and hung up to dry, later to be used as lining for parkas, thus giving a light, warm garment that withstands the howling gales. Fishing gear, nets, baleen sleds, guns, pots, barrels of seal oil and numerous other items are hung or placed in corners, making this room a catch-all place but fascinating beyond belief for one who has never before seen such articles. By the end of the winter they are glad to move back into the summer house.



Back of the houses are the open-air meat racks. Now a meat rack is a high wooden or whale bone structure made in a frame-like rack, on which is thrown chunks of reindeer ribs, walrus and seal meat to dry and cure. It is of such height as to be safe from the dogs which are chained beneath.

I asked the use and purpose of these racks and it was all carefully explained to me. It simply was that this meat was not

for the dogs alone. It was that the Eskimo likes his meat hard and dry also, and if you please a bit on the "high" or tainted side! I suggested I thought it had a different purpose so my friend soberly eyed me and asked, "For why we put meat on rack?"

"Well," I replied, "in case you get lost while out to sea in fog, all you have to do is keep going and wait till the wind changes, then by and by you smell a meat rack and know right away which way is home!" He had a good sense of humor and laughed, related it to others and they laughed too. But without joking, I can say truly that this curing meat packs a terrific wallop to the nostrils!

Another thing I learned with surprise was that all local labor (Eskimo) was to be hired at the rate of 70 cents an hour. The reason given was that if they received more they would quickly get dissatisfied and quit. I say I was surprised because at hand was the Alaska Wage Schedule for construction work for private contractors and government employees, as set forth by the War Labor Board. There seems to be a question, "Was the Government exploiting labor or enabling an Eskimo to have more than he previously had by working regularly at a rate which would keep him on the job longer to attain sufficient money to make an impression on his needs?"

Much money earned quickly is of little use to an average Eskimo as he does not know how to handle this phase of his wealth. If it comes easy, he spends it easy on trivial and useless items. On St. Lawrence Island, however, the Eskimo does know more about money and its uses than on the mainland. He is learning to be possessive, to acquire and to hold. He owns stock in the Gambell native store, a cooperative enterprise; he also owns his reindeer, his homes, and a few war bonds. Certainly he has a better equipped home than the mainlanders. The radio is electrically operated and the appeal of the "commercials" has its effect even on an Eskimo, the same as the mail order catalogue! And, I am not so sure that learning the art of holding and the use of money isn't one of the main ways the Eskimo is going to be able to hold his own with modern civilization which is creeping in all over and in the case of St. Lawrence, is rushing in.

Right here is a good time to say that probably the most important person to the Eskimo is the school teacher, because more often the teacher is the one person who is interested in teaching specific things and

is aware of the changes taking place; the teacher knows each Eskimo family, and local needs, family habits and trends, and points the way to cope with the modern civilization. Perhaps most important is the "use of" this new way of life. I say "use of" because with civilization in all its complexities, comes the extinction of the Eskimo race!



Another illustration will suffice to show what I mean by the use of money and a transfer to white man's ways. Let's take a contented family that wants a modern cook stove and let us say they finally get one. It has to burn beach wood or coal, or be adapted to fuel oil. Fuel oil is worth considering, but there isn't enough wood washed ashore to supply fuel, and coal costs at least forty dollars a ton. So, there being no place where they work for wages on the island, they must produce in white fox furs at trapping and in ivory carvings sufficient trading value for coal and fuel oil for at least nine months cold weather. Trapping at Gambell for all the village produces about \$50,000 in furs for 50 or 60 families. Ivory is becoming more scarce each year. But this stove is only the beginning, because with such an instrument it is infinitely capable of more than just giving off heat. It cooks (bakes, boils and fries), and don't forget your young Eskimo girl can read and write, and a recipe book is easily transferred into the items it claims if directions are followed! This simply means a change of diet, which has to be purchased. The present diet of walrus and seal meat is comparatively cheap, if you hunt them you can find them, and they do not require money. All our advertising is crying out "Make them want that which we have to sell." When the St. Lawrence Islander can't produce enough trade goods for modern living, perhaps he will want to leave this Island for the mainland, and when on the mainland, his controls over his family are gone—traditions disappear, and as a race customs are lost. Thus, just an

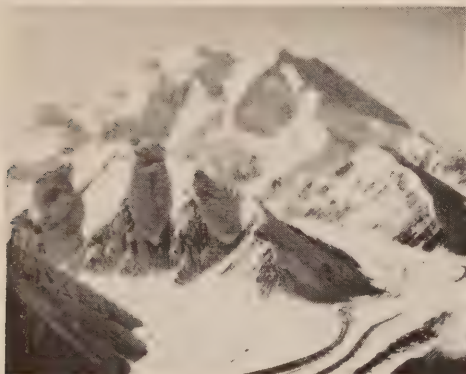
(Continued on Page 21)

ALASKA—Land of Superlatives

By Luther "Doc" Norris

Alaska may be in American territory, but it seems like another world, a mixture of many lands;—a bit of the Rockies, Norwegian fjords, Scottish chill, Switzerland ski bowls, and white Arctic stretches which, if you suddenly woke up there, would have you guessing Siberia or Lapland. Yet many things are exclusively Alaskan, found nowhere else in the world.

Enthusiasts in superlatives delight in the collection of Alaska's biggest, firsts and only:



The highest mountains

Of all the national forests in the world, Alaska's Tongass National Forest with 16,000,000 acres is the largest. Switzerland's famous glaciers melt with humility when compared with the group of 5,000 glaciers which enter the Gulf of Alaska,—ice fields covering 20,000 square miles. Mirages in the Arctic surpass those in the Sahara. Alaska has 33 mountains over 10,000 feet high. Mount McKinley is the highest peak in North America, 20,310 feet. The natives have a beautiful name for it, "Denali." To them it is still their "Big Chief." The most perfect symmetrically formed volcano cone on earth is on Unmak Island. The crater of Mt. Katmai is the deepest hole in the globe, 3,700 feet deep and eight miles in circumference.

The most efficient hard rock gold mine in the world, which will soon be in operation again, is beside Alaska's capital city, Juneau. The Territory possesses Uncle Sam's only tin deposits. Alaska is the place where a three ton copper nugget was dug out of a creek.

Alaska is a land still crammed with mystery and secrets hidden from view, but

daring explorers, prospectors, naturalists and aviators, who staked their all on the God who made them to carry them through the severest of adventures, have brought back startling fantastic stories. Some tales sound like Marco Polo's fables, but they're true;—for instance the colossal Aurora Borealis Show in the Black Arctic Theatre;—no man-made fireworks can duplicate the swaying, floating draperies and darting shafts of frosty light; the score of white-coned volcanoes, twins of Japan's Fujiyama; the smoking Aleutian chain which is the largest and straightest single line of volcanoes in the



The best fishing

globe; the hot springs for health baths that bubble near a "Norwegian" fjord; peanuts that grow in semi-tropical soil created by hot springs within 50 miles of the Arctic Circle, and along the Kobuk stands a mountain of jade.

Then there's the disappearing island of volcanic Bogoslof, which erupts, disappears and reappears a few miles away. While European volcanoes issue flowing lava, the northern variety steams up and explodes. In 1912, a volcanic explosion was heard 750 miles away. On a few volcanic islands, herded sheep graze. The "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes" is like a radiator with 10,000 steam jets, each jet jetting. There's a ghost forest of stripped, bleached trees which were asphyxiated by sulphuric acid fumes from the volcano on which it grew. One fellow stumbled into lakes of crude oil. It is no exaggera-

tion when they say some brown bears stand two men high and weigh 1800 pounds, and their cubs at birth weigh under eight ounces.

When Sitka was the Capital early Russian smithies there cast plow-shares and spades for Spanish farmers in California and forged bells for Franciscan missions. The first steam vessel on the Pacific Coast was built on the ways in Sitka harbor. During 1853, ice cakes from fresh water lakes were shipped to California at seventy-five dollars per ton.

Russian trappers, in twelve-foot Bidarkas from Sitka, caught sea otters off the coast of the hamlet of San Francisco, when the people had not yet undertaken to build boats. Thirty thousand-year-old mastadon teeth, as well as fossil remains of camels and redwood trees are churned up by dredges out of the constantly frozen ground of the Interior. In Nome an Eskimo owns a horse, who wears a pair of snow shoes his master made for him to



The biggest bear

travel easily over the deep firm snow.

Alaska is a land of paradoxes—temperature in the very center of the Territory ranges from sixty-five degrees below zero to one hundred degrees in the shade. Central Alaska recently suffered two invasions,—by grasshoppers and Japanese beetles, probable stowed away in imported feed. As yet no frogs, snakes or lizards have arrived. Cabbages grow and grow and grow—some weigh forty-five pounds. The cultivated strawberry record is hen's egg size.

Gardens are a botanical paradise, for flowers puff up to amazing proportions,

(Continued on Page 47)

ALASKA—Land of Superlatives... *Continued from Page 14*

the delphinium, for one, towers to eleven feet. Seven hundred varieties of flowers grow over Alaska. The stream drenched forget-me-not spreads completely along the gulf coast; this glacier-blue blossom is rightfully chosen Alaska's "State Flower".

East and west have a winter rendezvous in the north. In lower Alaska, the anemic sun's glare simply rolls over a distant mound between sunrise and sunset. At the head of the Gulf, it pops up for a look-see, and skips the Arctic shore completely. In Fairbanks, baseball fans stampede the ball park to cheer the first evening that starts in sunshine at midnight of June twenty-first, the city's annual celebration of the summer solstice. In midwinter, street and shop lights shine all day, while in summer time, newspapers can be read the clock around.

This is the land where winter winds are wildest—with a wet sting, and the power of a thousand horses. Rain and snow fly horizontally. Some snowstorms appear as though all the world's eider-down quilts were ripped open above and the whiteness feathers down to blanket a scene that is like a Christmas card.

Since the first prospectors reached Tanana River, sourdoughs have bet their dust and nuggets on the possible date of the Spring ice break. Nenana on the Tanana is the center of the Alaska Ice Pool Classic—the Irish Sweepstakes of the Northland. Thousands of cheechakos and sourdoughs, bus drivers and fishermen record their guess as to the second of the minute of the hour of the exact day the

river will make its first move of that great spectacle of buckling, crushing ice. Though exacting science of astrology and numerology have been tried, hit or miss guesser is always winner.

Historically significant is the statement that the last shot of the Civil War was fired by guns on the Confederate Cruiser "Shenandoah" at Union whalers in Alaskan waters. The first commercial long distance wireless system in the world was established between St. Michael and Nome. A Russian-made pipe organ used in Sitka's Finnish Lutheran Church ninety-nine years ago has been completely electrified and is in continual use today.

An Eskimo village of 209 inhabitants, including children, invested \$10,000 in War Bonds last year. The totem pole is found only in Alaska.

Only fifty-six miles of water separate the two hemispheres at West Cape, in the center of which lie the two Diomed Islands, one in the western and one in the eastern hemisphere. A spectacular fact, this:—an aviator flying longitudinally

above these islands, flies along the international date line between today and tomorrow, sees two continents, two nations, two oceans, two islands, two climate zones, and two days!

Everything about this world of wonders deals in superlatives and extremes. Alaska's 375,000,000 acreage is brimful, pressed down and running over with resources. Her area covers one-fifth that of the States.

In 1779, in a forty-ft. bidarka, Alexander Baranof selected Sitka for settlement. The first settlers were massacred by natives during Baranof's absence. On a mushroom hill they named Baranof hill, the "Baranof Castle" was built, although Baranof himself never lived in it nor in the second one which replaced it. By 1865, the third Baranof Castle had become the scene of lavish hospitality, where internationally distinguished guests were received by the First Lady of Sitka. (In this "Castle" on Baranof Hill a temporary USO Club was established during early 1943 for the Armed Forces.)

Alaska's seventy-fifth American birthday in October 1942, found her awakening to the realization that she was a fully grown debutante, desired for her riches, beauty, and position. During her adolescence, her potentialities had been developed by her guardian Uncle Sam, so that now she is the land of promise and the lure of possible adventure plus the other lures of opportunity and profit.

Fervid Alaskan boosters add to her superlatives with wonderful visions of the future, but in any case, Alaska will always call for superlatives.



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NORTHERN LIGHTS



NEW ALASKA RADIO STATION

Kodiak and the military and naval bases on Kodiak Island will soon be enjoying their own broadcasting station as a result of the approval by the Federal Communications Commission February 6, 1946, of the application of Alaska Life's publisher, Edwin A. Kraft, to erect a new station in this rapidly growing Alaskan town. Call letters KODK have been assigned to the new Kodiak station, with a frequency of 1230 kilocycles. 250 watts power and unlimited hours of operation. Mr. Kraft, who also owns KINY, Juneau, and KTKN, Ketchikan, plans to start construction early this spring and hopes to have the new equipment in operation by summer. A well balanced program of music, dramatic features and frequent news broadcast is planned. Local Alaskan talent will be encouraged and service clubs, schools, civic and territorial officials as well as individual Kodiak citizens will all have an opportunity to air their views. "It will be our purpose," said Kraft, "to make KODK a vitally important factor in the development of this strategically located and rapidly growing community."

★ ★ ★

PLAN BUILDING

Plans are being made at Sitka for the replacement of the Richard Allen Memorial building, according to W. Leslie Yaw, superintendent of the Sheldon Jackson school in Sitka. The Presbyterian Board of National Missions has \$60,000 on hand for the work, and an additional \$40,000 will be required to complete the structure. More than \$9,000 of the needed funds has already been contributed through small donations by individuals.

★ ★ ★

EXPECT BUILDING BOOM

Expansion of Anchorage, including a large number of civic improvements will be possible this summer if the voters approve a \$7,488,200 bond issue now pending, according to Mayor John Manders. Improvements will include a water system from Campbell Creek, a 5,000 kilowatt generating plant housed in its own building, storm sewers, curbs, addition of wings on the present city hall and two elementary school buildings.

MORE ABOUT OUR AUTHORS

Paul Nelms, who contributed the interesting article on St. Lawrence Island, is a well-known author and lecturer, and recently completed a lecture tour in the States. He is now back on St. Lawrence. His pictures add much to the story, so we hope to receive more material from his typewriter and camera.

Jack Allman is a well-known citizen of Kodiak and has written many stories and articles for magazines, including Alaska Life. Dog Eat Dog, in this issue, is reprinted because of popular demand, from a past issue of Alaska Life.

Charlotte Hazelet did our story on Cordova, our "City of the Month." She attended grade and high school in Cordova, after arriving in Cordova at the tender age of three months. She is at present in the circulation department of Alaska Life.

William J. Bain, prominent Seattle architect, who has done much

Alaskan work, is responsible for our one-page feature: Alaska Homes. There will be other suggested houses in future issues of Alaska Life.

Staff member Bob Callan, back in civvies after more than four years in the Navy, did The Lomons of Nome in this issue, and he will continue to cover news of interest for Alaska Life, as well as doing articles on outstanding Alaskans.

This first "big" issue has been a task for the staff but we think it was worth all of the toil. We hope you do too.

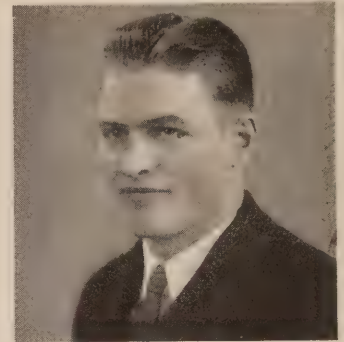
★ ★ ★

OFFICIALS NAMED

The Bureau of Internal Revenue has named John A. Nyman as deputy in charge of the office in Juneau. Two other officials who are awaiting final confirmation of their appointments are the new assistant U. S. attorney, Robert Boochever of New York, and Patrick Gilmore, new U. S. attorney for the first division. Gilmore is from Ketchikan.

O'HARRA PLANS LODGE

Plans for a lodge at White River, Yukon Territory, are nearing completion and construction work will



be started this spring, it was reported by Kenneth O'Harra of Anchorage. He hopes to have a new style log building ready for summer tourist trade. When the new building is completed Canadian customs and immigration officials will move to White River to handle highway traffic to and from Alaska.

★ ★ ★

SEEK ALASKA AID

Governor Ernest H. Gruening and E. L. Bartlett, delegate, are at present furnishing President Truman with pertinent facts about Alaska in an attempt to accelerate development of the Territory. The governor points out that thousands of veterans of World War II are anxious to settle in Alaska and will do so whether facilities are available or not. "We want to make it possible for these boys to make a decent living up here," Governor Gruening said.

Bartlett pointed out that the present period is crucial in the life of Alaska because the Territory must not regress to its pre-war standards, but must continue to improve. Agricultural research was pointed out as one of the greatest needs in Alaska. He pointed out that Russia has spent much money in agricultural research in Siberia, but that this country has never seen fit to do the same thing in Alaska.

★ ★ ★

"CRASHES COLLEGE"

Dace Boylan, 17-year-old Alaskan, attended school for the first time in her life when she enrolled as a freshman at the University of Nebraska recently.



EX G.I.
FILCHOCK

"Nugget; my eye! It's your Army discharge button."

St. Lawrence Island

Continued from Page 13

item of a stove can show how one thing suggests a process of growth into our ways which are built on a different plane of living. I don't propose to know exactly what phase is best for the Eskimo!

Right now they are content in the main with what they have. One item of food is sufficient. I recall we had a young Eskimo girl working in the kitchen, she tried hard to learn cooking and became fairly good on certain items. But to show a trend of thinking and habits, let's take an occasion when I said to her, "Tomorrow we'll bake some bread," she replied, "We have some bread." I looked and we did have bread, two loaves for seven hungry men! Another time I invited company for dinner, we had the school teacher and Jack O'Connor and Mr. Heinz of the Alaska Game Commission, who were stranded there by weather. We had roast goose and all the trimmings, with soup as a starter. The girl was delighted at the gala occasion. Early in the afternoon she said, "I make for us a pie." "That's fine," I said; "what kind of pie?" "Pumpkin pie," she replied.

Into the attic store room I rushed to get a No. 10 can of pumpkin. Later in the day I saw a beautiful pumpkin pie set out to cool.

"Mary," I said, "how many pies did you make?"

"I make for us one pie."

"Who is going to eat it?" I asked.

"We will eat it, all of us," was the answer.

The upshot of the pie baking episode was that she made more pies, but she could only make one pie at a time from a recipe that called for one pie! Thereafter, for cakes and pies, I copied off the recipe and made the necessary multiples in quantities required.

She simply hadn't learned to multiply.

Finally dinner was served and rather than remain away from the table and serve, I took a seat with the guests, with the perfect assurance that at least the efforts of constant teaching had brought results. I had carved the goose, mashed the spuds, peeked at the soup, tasted the peas, salted the gravy and helped myself to a spoonful of dressing, and in hungry anticipation sat down and waited.

First, in came a large platter of goose.

"Do we have soup?" I asked.

"Yes, we have soup," was the polite reply.

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ALASKA WIEN AIRLINES

SINCE
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★

The Seward Peninsula and Bering Sea territory is served thru the Nome office. This area also includes the St. Lawrence Island, and the Little Diomed Island, located on the International Date Line, between Siberia and Alaska. The Nome country is truly an area rich with color and historical interest, where mining remains the principal activity since the days of the gold rush.

Point Barrow is the most northern point of habitation in the North American Continent. A tourist attraction beyond compare, this area has been the scene of the Naval Oil Reserve activity during the past few years.

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So she brought in the soup. Nothing else was forthcoming and the goose was getting cold, so we helped ourselves to meat.

"Do we have potatoes?"

"Yes, would you like some potatoes?"

So we got potatoes, but still nothing else.

"Do we have peas, dressing and gravy?"

"Yes, we have it, shall I bring it?"

By that time I had equipped myself with a towel, a determined manner which I held marvelously in control because of company, and proceeded to help get our meal on the table. This is not poking fun at any one, although it was humorous and vexing at times. The point is: One item of food, eat it. When that is gone, eat the next. Because for generation after generation, they had walrus, so they ate walrus; they had seal, so they ate seal, etc.

Each evening I would visit house to house. We went where we would talk for hours. They would tell me about their hunting, their boats or about the Siberian Eskimo at Indian Point, forty miles across, of how they had relatives over there and used to go regularly in about four and one-half to five hours across the rough stretch of water for visits. I listened to the tales of these people, actual feats performed while hunting and fishing, tales of rescue in the bleak, cold, ice-bound bays, and these tales were told simply as a part of their daily lives without exaggeration. I came to the conclusion that indeed these people, who live in the path of the ice-floes, are a rugged, carefree, and honest lot.

They have kept alive the old myths of the past. They hunt as their ancestors did, day in, day out, from one season to the next, and as religiously now, as in the old days, they divide their catch with others in the village. From the same forsaken spots where their ancestors lived and died, they dig the old fossil ivory for their skilled, exquisite carving, and give never a thought to either its age or the life it once had. Yet, the symbolic art of past cultures is traced anew on the implements and artifacts made by these people today.

The old and new are merging swiftly on St. Lawrence Island, and it is no wonder that I watched with interest the daily lives and customs of these people. Probably the first human occupants of the North American continent, they are a fascinating group, and I hope someday to return before civilization has strained their lives of the primitive, elemental capacity they have for riding with contented freedom on the crest of their meagre lot.



4/46

UP in Bering Strait



St. Lawrence is an island of happy folks.

Goings on at St. Lawrence Island as seen through the eyes of the new missionary, Miss ALICE GREEN.

“WE take Parker and you to Savoonga next week,” said the tall good-looking Eskimo who met me as I landed at Gambell by army plane.

Not till next week? No, not till next week—Fourth of July was coming and nothing could persuade the natives to be away from home on the Fourth of July. That is a big time for celebration.

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH

So the Fourth of July came. In the morning races for children were held. The real program began at two. First came a ball-kicking contest for the women. All the women took part. The object of the game is to keep the ball in the air as long as possible by kicking it, without its touching the ground. Following that was the men's version of a ball-kicking contest. They tie the ball to a stick and try to kick it with *both feet* at the same time. After each kick the ball is raised a little higher. The winner of this contest kicked the ball with both feet *when the ball was a foot above his head!* It certainly looked difficult. As if that weren't enough for one day, the men had another race. This time they lay on their stomachs on gravel and wiggled themselves along toward the goal.

After these races, were two sets of tug of war—one for the men and one for the women, and then rope jumping for the men. That is not as simple as it sounds, either. They don't do it as we are accustomed to do, but have a method all their own. Two men swing a

rope and a third starts jumping in the approved fashion. Soon he starts lowering himself—first on his hands and knees and finally clear down on his stomach so that he has to roll over the rope as it comes down. Then he raises himself to his feet again. This last part is the hardest and very few regain their feet without missing. Next came the most familiar part of the program, the jumping in the walrus skin. The men gather around the skin and grasp it. Somebody gets in the middle and the men toss him up in the air until he finally falls. The program wound up with a kayak race across the lake.

And so ended the Fourth of July at St. Lawrence Island.

OFF TO SAVOONGA

At nine the next morning we all loaded in a whale boat and took off for Savoonga. There were seventeen in the boat and still it wasn't crowded. It was a lovely day and it only took us six hours to make the trip. The whale boats here are made in New Bedford and they use outboard motors on them. Everybody in Savoonga was at the wharf to meet us. We all shook hands and there was a chorus of “So glad you come. It is lonesome here without mission.” (I am mission not missionary; also this is a Presbytery Church instead of Presbyterian. The people can't seem to say such long words.)

Savoonga is right on the Bering Sea, and behind

are some mountains which are volcano craters. There are twenty-five houses in the village; many of them house at least two families and one has three. The place where I live is a real Eskimo house. In order to get in the front door I have to be a contortionist. First I have to double over; then step over an obstruction which is a foot high. My living quarters are 14' x 16'. This includes bedroom, living and dining room, and kitchen. Next door are two families, one with six children and the other with five, living together in a house the same size as mine!

The village of Savoonga was built in 1917 and was settled by a group of younger people from Gambell who wanted to go into the reindeer business. They are more progressive and more willing to take up new ideas than those at Gambell. Their houses are for the most part quite clean and look much like many small homes in the states. They are beginning to put linoleum on the floors, use beds, tables, and chairs. Each member of a family has his own cup instead of there being but one to a family.

Savoonga has a population, according to the spring census (1945), of 224 natives, three whites, and 443 dogs. The people of St. Lawrence Island are more Asiatic looking than the mainland Eskimos. Some of them are Siberian. Before the war they used to make an annual trip to Siberia to call on relatives. This year a group of Siberians came over to call on them. They do excellent ivory carving, for which they are paid quite well when they sell to Juneau. They like to trade with the boats that call in the summer, too, but usually come out at the little end of the horn on these deals.

Boats come to the island at intervals. The first one I saw was the Coast Guard cutter with doctors and dentists to give check-ups and pull teeth; then came Pete the trader, who circulates around these out-of-the-way places to buy and sell. The natives were glad to see him as they were just about all out of canned milk. The most important boat of all as far as I was concerned was the freighter U.S.S. Sutherland that brought my year's supply of foodstuffs and other supplies. Almost everything I ordered came through and I had some work before me—shelves to be made, linoleum to be laid, and new furniture to be installed.

I wanted to get the natives to help me—but there are two things to remember when you get the natives to work for you. First, don't expect them to start before 11 a.m. They don't get up till 10, then they have a council meeting to decide whether or not to go out and hunt birds and seal. They watch the sea for an hour. If the water is good, don't expect them at all. Secondly, never try to get one to work alone. The more at a job the happier they are. Finally they came and worked on into the night till everything was done—and donated their time.

Soon a reindeer round-up took place. All the young men left the village for a week to herd the deer into the corral.

When that was accomplished, they sent word back to the village for the people to come—they spend about a week at the corral, tea drinking and feasting and butchering the reindeer. Since the water was "bad," they could not go in their boats but had to trek seven miles to the corral. It was quite a sight. Mother would carry the baby on her shoulders in the approved St. Lawrence Island fashion, father carried a tent, and all the children carried their share of the supplies in packs—even the little ones of five or six.

The deer were killed and skinned, and the skins were tanned and prepared for clothing. Most of the people then went back home, but some had to stay until boats could come for the meat. Two boys came all the way back to Savoonga to get materials for Sunday school services at the corral. They had a fourteen-mile hike. I say that is wanting Sunday school pretty badly.

GOING TO CHURCH

For church we use the attic of the schoolhouse. It is not a very beautiful or worshipful place, but we do the best we can. We are hoping to have a church and manse built soon. (See "flash," page 15.) Services are telescoped in the winter in order to get finished before darkness comes. This is a schedule of Sunday services :

10:00 Intermediates	2:00 Church Service
11:00 Juniors	3:00 Prayer groups for men and women
12:00 Primaries and Beginners	3:15 Senior Young People
1:00 Junior Young People	

Sometimes it gets very cold. The day after Christmas we held communion services. It was 27 degrees below outside and close to 20 inside. By the time the juice was served it had frozen solid! In spite of the cold almost everyone was present, including 24 young people who joined the church.

Life is full. Every week I go over the lessons with each of the teachers; prepare my sermon and then go over it with my interpreter to be sure he knows what all the words mean; make pastoral calls; meet with the leaders of the various groups and help them prepare their services; meet with the choir for practice.

They love to sing and all day as they work and play they sing hymns. When the young people have a party, they get together and have a hymn sing. That is their idea of a party and they have an awfully good time.

The work here is very enjoyable, and the people are fine people to work with. They enjoy life very much and never seem to have a care in the world.

If you have not yet gone "Prospecting on St. Lawrence Island," be sure to send for the booklet by that name that gives you directions and a lot of fascinating material about the people there and how they live, as well as lots of ideas for programs and fun. Send 10 cents to your nearest C.D.D.

ESKIMO PREACHER

By EDITH J. AGNEW

Born in a house of whalebone and sod, content to hunt for furs in the ice-fields and raise his eleven children under the midnight sun, Roy Ahmaogak tried to escape the job he knew was his. When he finally accepted, he created an alphabet for his own language in order to translate the Bible.

THE CAREER of Eskimo Roy Ahmaogak, who started as a hunter and is now a Presbyterian minister, is linked in my mind with the poem, *Hound of Heaven*, by Francis Thompson. The poem describes the writer's vain attempts to evade the call of Christ:

"I fled Him, down the nights and
down the days;
I fled Him down the arches of the
years;
I fled Him down the labyrinthine
ways
Of my own mind, . . .
From those strong feet that followed,
followed after."*

For Ahmaogak hadn't wanted to be a minister. He didn't want to spend his time and energy translating the Bible into the unwritten Inupiat dialect. It was too hard.

Oh, he knew the work ought to be done. People were continually suggesting it to him—Dr. Greist and Mr. Klerekoper, the missionaries; that couple he met on a trip from Barrow to Demarkation Point, who

begged for a few chapters of the Bible in their own language; Eskimo friends at Barrow; his wife; and that inner voice, insistent.

He had shut his ears and his mind to them all. No, he would do his Christian duty by interpreting for missionaries. He would quiet his conscience by translating a few hymns now and then. But at heart he was a hunter and always would be. And he always would have been, except for that other inescapable Hunter of men.

When he was born at Barrow (Ootkeavik), Alaska, in 1898 (he was never certain of the exact date), the village was altogether Eskimo except for the missionaries.

His father was, like all the neighboring men, a hunter and fisherman. His mother was homekeeper and a midwife.

The life of the family was made up of the simple essentials of getting food, keeping warm, bringing up babies, and sharing in neighborhood episodes of births, marriages, deaths, privations in hard years, and celebrations over successful hunting in good years.

These were the things Roy knew as a boy: his own house, built of whalebone and sod, banked with blocks of ice in winter against the cold winds; the sand bar that pointed like a finger out into the ocean, with a tiny settlement at the tip of it known as Point Barrow; the ocean itself, where great cakes of ice cracked off from the ice shelf at the beginning of summer and piled up in ridges like mountains; animals of the far North—walruses, seals and ogruks (fat, bearded cousins to the seal), whales and bears;



*FROM THE HOUND OF HEAVEN, by Francis Thompson. Used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.



In order to reach his people, Roy Ahmaogak must sometimes pile his equipment on a sled and travel by dog-team over ice-fields.

fish; the tundra stretching inland, flat and treeless and spotted with little lakes. In summer the land was bright with grass and wild flowers and berries: in winter it was bleak and white, and dogs trekked across it pulling sleds. Around the horizon the sun swung in a slow circle, shining at midnight to produce continuous daylight in the summer, disappearing entirely for continuous darkness in the winter. Winter moonlight was brilliant over the gleaming snow, and at times the northern lights flicked over the sky in flaming tongues of color. Once a year the U. S. revenue cutter *Bear* arrived with mail and supplies, carrying away furs, skins, and the ivory of walrus teeth. Once in a while whalers and seamen were wrecked on the Point, and had to be brought in to the mission doctor. Those were the things that Roy remembered as a natural part of his life.

At a government school with mission teachers, he learned a little English, studied numbers, geography, and history. At Sunday school he learned strange stories from the Bible. He never missed going to church with his father and mother, who had been among the first Christian converts in this northernmost mission in America.

His schooling was spasmodic because it was frequently interrupted by hunting and fishing trips. Sometimes Roy went with his father far into the interior with the dogs and the sleds, trapping mink and marten along the streams, coming back tired, but satisfied, with piles of valuable furs.

The school at Barrow afforded only an elementary education. Roy, finishing the eighth grade, began to act as assistant to the school teacher. From 1913 until 1925 he taught in the school. He married one of the teachers, who died shortly after their marriage. In 1920 he married Isabel Manuluk, his present wife, who was a Barrow girl.

A Missionary's Advice

In 1921 Dr. Henry W. Geist arrived to take charge of the mission hospital at Barrow. He had the usual struggle with the Inupiat language, and Roy made himself useful as interpreter. Roy was excellent in that capacity, for his mind was quick and his understanding of the Bible clear. He brought to his interpreting a poetic spirit.

"You, Roy," the doctor used to say to him, "could be a minister to your people in your own right. You could give them the

gospel in their own tongue. Why not take the time to study for it? You are needed, you know."

But Roy said no. He hadn't the education, and in other ways he was not fitted for that sort of work. Besides, he had his family, and it was growing fast. Already by 1927, there were four children, Alice Ahlook, Elizabeth Kilapsuk, May Atahnak, and Roy Junior. How would he feed them, if he gave up business for study? The more he thought about it, the more he wanted to be just what other Eskimo men were, a hunter and a fisherman. That and no more.

So he packed himself and his family out into the wilderness eastward. He went deliberately, turning his back on books and studies, facing freedom and plenty. At the same time, a slightly troubled conscience traveled with him. "You are running away," a voice in his heart kept saying. And he refused to listen.

Hunting was good, and so was trapping. Roy Ahmaogak amassed piles and piles of furs, now and then making a run from his camp to the village to trade them for provender. He fed his children well, and they were content; content, and a little wild, too; ignorant, except for what he and their mother could teach them.

For four years they stayed out in the wilds. Margaret Kaiyana and Ray Amekak were born there. By the end of that time the older children were in real need of schooling. For their sakes, he would have to go back to Barrow. They needed the discipline of mastering lessons assigned, of deciphering English books. They needed the companionship of other boys and girls. Yes, he had to go back.

Dr. Geist was glad to see him, and before he knew it he was interpreter again, and active in the church. But when the doctor urged him to do extra studying in history books and books on Christian doctrine, he studied only a little. "Not too much," his mind kept telling him. "Not too much, lest I go too far."

When the Rev. and Mrs. Frederick Klerekoper arrived in Barrow in 1936, they, too, commandeered his services. Roy felt really sorry for Mr. Klerekoper. He was so in earnest about learning the language and so discouraged because he could not see it in written form. There was no grammar, no primer, no dictionary. The two of them began to work on a dictionary, slowly, for neither of them knew how to set the Inupiat sounds to letters. As best they could, they made a list of about two thousand words. Though not completely satisfying, it was a help.

When the time came for the Klerekoper's furlough in 1939-40, Mr. Klerekoper asked Mr. Ahmaogak to take charge of the church while he was away in the States. As an elder, he could be licensed to preach, if he would.

"You can do it," Mr. Klerekoper told him. "I'll help you prepare for it. Why don't you try?"

The Hound of Heaven was very close then.

"For, though I knew His Love
Who followed,

Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have
naught beside."

That was the trouble. If once he consented to preach the gospel for a whole year, would he be able to escape from it afterwards?

Knowing the danger, he tried one last time to avoid it, setting off on a hunting trip alone, except for his dogs, to fight out the matter with his conscience. He was a dot in the wide Arctic—small, very small. Yet the struggle within him was immense. He remembered the other time when he had run away, staying for years. That time he could postpone the issue. This time he had to say yes or no, within days instead of years. No postponement now. No shilly-shallying. Yes—or no?

What voice came to him out in the wide spaces who knows except the man himself? He cannot tell it clearly, but



Ordination by members of Yukon Presbytery meant that Ahmaogak could set to work at last on the work among his people for which he went to U. S. to prepare.



A year's study at Bloomfield Seminary helped Ahmaogak prepare for his mission. Here he got help of experts on his alphabet, primer and translation of the Bible.



Children at Eskimo school (*above*) do their work in English. Roy Ahmaogak is helping them to learn to read in their own language too, for which—in order to express Biblical ideas—he invented new words as strange as those on blackboard at right.

he has acted his answer. He has not been disobedient to his vision. Right-about-face for the dog-team. Right-about-face for the man. The direction decided upon, then a straight course—no swerving ever afterwards.

He spent the year preaching for Fred Klerekoper. Then he took a church at Wainwright, ninety miles down the coast, where the natives spoke his own Inupiat dialect.

In 1946 opportunity came for Ahmaogak to attend the General Assembly at Atlantic City. An added offer was made through Dr. J. Earl Jackman, Secretary for Alaska of the Board of National Missions, to spend a year in the States in special study. He decided to accept the offer, even though he was reluctant to leave his family for so long a time. His children now numbered eleven and most of them were still at home.

With the help of the American Bible Society, special courses at Bloomfield Seminary, New Jersey, and friends at the Board of National Missions, he was able, while preparing for ordination, to complete an Inupiat alphabet, produce an illustrated primer, and translate the books of Mark, Romans, and parts of John's gospel.

New Ideas

It was a hard task. In order to express sounds consistently, diacritical marks had to be contrived. In order to express ideas foreign to the Arctic, new words had to be invented. A camel has to be called a "big hump animal," honey was "that which bees eat," and grasshoppers were "insects that jump." Part of Mr. Ahmaogak's education was a trip to the zoo to inspect actual sheep, lions, and camels.

The man who could keep an unwavering course over hundred-mile stretches of tundra even in a blizzard found city life fearfully confusing. Paved streets and roads, "hard trails," he admitted were good for cars, but he wished the cars would not go so wildly in so many directions. Traffic noises, surging crowds, trains, buses, elevators—all were parts of a strange new civilization into which he seemed to be plunged too suddenly. He yearned for the peace of the Arctic.

Back Home

Back in the North again, however, at the end of the year, he saw some value in the gadgets of civilization. He found travel by dogsled extremely slow. He regretted having to spend so much time cutting ice by hand for his water supply. He longed for city electricity instead of

the small home plant that required so much tinkering to keep in order.

However, these were minor matters. The great matter was that he was with his family again, and that he was a real minister. He was ordained at Barrow in June, 1947, when members of the Yukon Presbytery flew up for the laying on of hands. A minister at last, at forty-nine, he took full charge of the church at Wainwright. He began teaching his alphabet and primer up and down the coast, and continued his translation of the Bible.

As he returned to the Arctic Coast he felt his life was just beginning because he had in his possession the word of God in the language of his people and the authority of his church for a full ministry to his people. From week to week and year to year he hunts now for the souls of his people to bring them to Christ, their Lord and Savior.

Reprinted from *Presbyterian Life*, December 9, 1950

OTHER MISSIONARY BIOGRAPHIES

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The girl from Denver who wanted to go north is chatting with Savoonga neighbors.

Alice In Eskimoland

In which a girl from Denver finds a home in a land of white where hunters of the walrus turn carpenter to build a church and men drive home from work in dogsleds

**As told to
Patricia Brider
by Alice Green**

THE COAST of Alaska, seen on the map, resembles the cavernous face of a crotchety old man with a knobby forehead, bulbous nose, and thin beard, straggling off toward Asia. A bit to the south and west of the nose, and even closer to Siberia, lies St. Lawrence Island, the only body of land in the northern Bering Sea.

On this unlikely island, in an Eskimo village consisting of just 243 people and about a thousand dogs, an event of more than local importance occurred last year. The people of this island village called Savoonga met in the small wooden church on Easter Sunday. They had come to dedicate the church which they had prayed for through many years and had finally built with their own hands. They were also, incidentally, taking their places as citizens of the modern world; for, when they feel up to it, these people can gaze moodily across the Bering waters at the hills of Siberia, Russia's eastern outpost. The people of Savoonga have come a long way from the remote villagers who fifty years ago knew nothing of the white man,

his woes and wars and modes of worship.

To help the process of evolution along, I came to Savoonga in July, 1945, as a missionary. I found a neat, primitive village of tiny wooden houses perched boldly on a strip of land between the Bering Sea and a snow-topped mountain range of dead volcanoes.

Cordial as these village people are, nobody comes to their island without a purpose. My own route was a circuitous one. My mother had worked as a missionary nurse at Sitka, and from her my sisters and brothers and I in our earliest childhood heard stories of Alaska. Then every three years Aunt Lottie would descend from the exotic North to visit us in prosaic Denver, Colorado. Aunt Lottie (Miss Lottie Stevenson) was principal of Sheldon Jackson School in Sitka, and her stories and souvenirs made the frozen tundras of the North more real to us than the visible mountains of Denver. My earliest ambition was to go to Alaska.

In 1939, I graduated from Presbyterian Park College in Missouri, then worked in two cold and snowy mountain towns in Colorado as a more or less conscious apprenticeship for my Arctic career. After two years of graduate study I went to Maine as a Sunday school missionary. None of this lessened the magnetic attrac-

tion of the North Pole for me. The farther north the better." I told Dr. Jackman, Secretary of the Department of Work of Alaska for the Board of National Missions.

In January, 1945, he assigned me to the place at St. Lawrence Island. I suspect that a number of people at the time considered Dr. Jackman's choice peculiar if not lunatic. I was not a vastly experienced missionary. Furthermore, two government school teachers and sometimes a public health nurse would be my only white companions in Savoonga. Just three other women in National Missions work had ever held such isolated posts—two of them on St. Lawrence Island.

I was to go to Savoonga in May. It was July before I arrived via automobile, steamship, plane, and whale-boat. Every attempt I made to fly to the island from Nome was foiled by perfectly normal Alaskan weather—dense, raging fogs, punctuated by sensational storms. But one day late in June, when a little sunshine had spoiled the usual murk, an Army PBV flew me across the 150 miles of ice-blue sea to Gambell at the western end of St. Lawrence Island. In its contours the island suggests, during most of the year, a huge, hoary caterpillar with a crook in its back and a hump at each end—a luckless caterpillar frozen fast in an Arctic sea. But we saw only the summer greenness of field and mountain as we approached the land.

At Gambell, St. Lawrence's largest settlement, I met the Parkers, our missionaries there. That evening a boat arrived from Savoonga, piloted by Nick Wongtittlin, a deacon of the church, and his son Jerry. Their warm, welcoming smiles seemed a friendly omen for me. I hoped their fellow Savoongans would be like them.

A few days later, three mail bags and about seventeen people, including the Parkers and myself, packed into the motor-driven boat and set out along the northern coast of the island. Before long we sighted both Savoonga and its entire population. Everyone had gathered at the beach to meet us. Men in parkas and white snow-shirts, women in colorful print snow-shirts, carrying snugly-wrapped babies on their shoulders, all crowded around, smiling and shaking hands and exclaiming how happy they were to see me. Then the women took me to the mission house, a small, three-room affair, scrubbed bone-clean. Inside, a fire was roaring, water was boiling, and it was terribly hot. That evening I spent in sorting the accumulated mail and then went to sleep, somewhat be-

fuddled with heat and friendliness and smiling faces, which all looked much alike to me.

The next Sunday I held my first church service in the attic of the schoolhouse. Attendance, as at the beach, was 100 per cent. Only illness or absence from the village could keep these people away from Sunday service and Wednesday night prayer meeting. As a congregation, they seemed a preacher's dream. They doted on solid sermons, and loved to pray and sing.

Savoonga Weather

But the sermon was only the start of a week's work in Savoonga. A whole new world of weather and work and customs had to be grasped. I had come in midsummer, the brightest time of the year. The mountains warmed their barren shoulders in the sun; and below, the little stream near the village, free of ice, yielded the water that in winter comes from melted snow. Green grass and weeds filled the fields. This brief time of color and warmth was also the season of sociability. I found, for during the summer boats can call at Savoonga. The first glimpse of a ship was the signal for all of us to run to the beach. It might be a boat bringing a second Christmas in July, bearing gifts sent the year before by American churches. Sometimes it was the Coast Guard cutter, bringing doctors and dentists who gave check-ups and pulled teeth (in isolated Savoonga even the dentist is welcome); or Pete the Trader, the Arctic equivalent of the Jewel Tea man, who stops to bargain for ivory carvings; or the freighter which brings my yearly supply of food. In fact, hardly a month passed that summer without a visit from the outside world. If this does not suggest a mad social whirl to you, then you have never been in Savoonga in the winter.

Getting acquainted was a happy feature of my new Arctic career. Though I had left expectations out of my luggage, I had correctly imagined my neighbors would be stoics—but hardly such cheerful stoics. The moral of the ant and the grasshopper would be lost on Savoongans, since they are quite as prudent as one and as care-free as the other. They love to sing, especially hymns; they love to have parties and holidays; and they are ready to love you, too, if you will only introduce yourself. To complete the circle that took me in, we had something in common. All but six of the villagers were Presbyterians. Miss Anna Martin before me, and before her Miss Ann Bannon, who had worked in both Gambell and Savoonga, had seen to that. Of the remaining six, five were Seventh Day Adventists. Only one man, Norman Nunraeli, clung to his faith in storm gods and idols. But his fellow-townsmen

made up for him in devotion. Early in July, for example, several of the young men left the village to round up the reindeer in a corral seven miles away. Since they could not return to the village in time, they held Sunday school services at the corral and two boys hiked the fourteen miles to Savoonga and back to get lesson materials.

Satisfying an audience so ripe for religion left me little time for loneliness. Each week I prepared the sermon and studied it with my interpreter. Since I had not been trained to preach, and my interpreter had been only through the fourth grade at Savoonga's government school, I felt we were on a par with respect to sermons. I delivered the sermon in English, pausing after each paragraph while he translated for the congregation to make sure of their understanding. (Actually, all the people of Savoonga speak respectable English.) Each week, too, I met with the choir for practice, went over lessons with the Sunday school teachers, called on my parishioners, and helped the leaders of the church groups to prepare their own programs.

Conventionality

You may be surprised to note that our church calendar has a familiar ring. These people of Savoonga, living under half-primitive conditions in the shadow of the Arctic Circle, are singing the same hymns, enjoying the same boys' and girls' clubs and women's chatter circles as the citizens of New York City or Kankakee, Illinois. Why have they been so eager to take to this conventional form of Christianity?

The answer, probably, is that Christianity gives to their lives a dignity and purpose, a center of social activity that they had not known before. Moreover, they love the Bible with its tales of a familiar way of life. They tell me how their young men, like Jacob, must work for the wife's family for a time before marriage. The homes and customs of Abraham's day were much like theirs, and so was the dependence on the land and on the mercy of a powerful god. And the words about love and sharing—as with most people who share labor, food, and hardship in a primitive community—are taken in the literal spirit in which they were spoken.

Most important, danger and privation are never out of mind or out of season in Savoonga. In the space of a few weeks recently we had four nearly fatal accidents. Just after Thanksgiving two men were coming in by dog team from their trapping camps when they broke through the ice. They were able to pull themselves out of the water and cut their dogs loose. A few days later a man was lost for twelve hours in a howling storm only a few hundred yards from the village. Another man

was lost in a storm for two days. Three men who had gone hunting on the ice were stranded when the ice broke. They were saved because the old men who watch the hunting with binoculars saw them being washed out to sea and sent a boat to the rescue. But germs are more menacing than either polar bears or storms. Eskimos are anything but immune to the common cold. Not long ago almost a fifth of the people of the island were tubercular. And even with the white man's boats and weapons they must scramble to get enough to eat. To these people Christianity's promise of comfort and hope, of mercy and salvation, has been irresistible. Comfort in hardship, hope in danger, mercy in error, salvation in death—these are the treasures of religion for the people of Savoonga.

The obstinate Norman Nunraeli came to Christianity at last, and in a dramatic way. I had not been in Savoonga a year when a storm blew Norman into the church, like the last leaf from the dying tree of paganism. Just before Easter in 1946, several of the men made a trip to Gambell by dog team. In Gambell, Norman consulted Rog the Sorcerer, who still did a limited business with a few unreconstructed souls. God could not help him, Norman told his friends as they prepared to return home.

On the return trip one of the sudden and terrible Arctic storms swept down on the party. In the blinding snow and darkness the men moved slowly, trying to stay together; but when they reached Savoonga, hours late, they found that Norman was missing. For days the storm was so severe that no one dared leave the village. On the first clear day, the day before Easter, the men went in search of him. They returned at nightfall. They had found no trace. A storm on Easter morning again pinned the searching party down in the village; then they set out again. Finally, two weeks after Norman had been lost, a team came in to report that they had found two of his dogs dead in the snow. One by one that day the parties returned wearily without news or hope. Then, late at night, the men came pounding at my door. A team had brought Norman in, and he had sent for me.

Norman's Prayer

Norman told us what had happened. When he had realized that he was lost in the storm, he had begun to pray to all the native gods. For two days he prayed while the blinding storm raged without slackening. Finally, abandoning principle in desperation, he tried the Lord's Prayer. The wind abated a little. The sky cleared until he saw a trapping camp not far away. He made his way to the camp, where there was food, and there spent a snug

if lonesome twelve days until the men found him.

The next Sunday Norman came to church. In a few more weeks, presumably spent in mulling over the practical results of prayer, he asked to be baptized. A year later Norman died after a long illness. Before his death he told me that he was not afraid this time because he knew he would be with Christ.

Many of these people, like Norman, die long before their time through illness or accident. Despite this fact—or because of it—they make no complaint of hardship, except only in their lack of a church. In March, 1946, the schoolhouse, where we held our services, caught fire. As usual at such moments the evil north wind began to blow, sending showers of sparks in the direction of our houses. We had no water supply, no defense against fire. While the building burned, we held a prayer meeting in one of the threatened homes. When we left the house, we found that the wind had died and the homes were out of danger. The school, however, had burned to the ground.

Waiting

The government teachers soon left and for many months I was the only white person in Savoonga. Two years passed before the school could be rebuilt. In the interim we held church services in relays at each other's houses. The building of a church became our greatest ambition. We asked the Board of National Missions for help in obtaining building materials. The Board had already granted \$5,000 for this purpose, but obtaining the scarce materials and shipping them to Savoonga took time. Years passed while we waited for the ship to bring the precious boards and nails for our church. Meanwhile the people went on about the business of wresting a living from a landscape singularly barren. In the winter they trapped

the white fox for his fur; in the spring and summer they hunted seal, walrus, and birds. In these vital activities I was sometimes a fascinated spectator and sometimes a hopeful helper. My missionary duties have no limit except time's. From time to time I have served as Savoonga's radio operator and nurse. During the spring walrus hunt I have the most fun, helping the little children to drive the dogsleds across the ice to meet the boats returning with food. If the catch is good no one will go hungry during the long, dark winter months to come.

In September snow appears on the mountain peaks and drifts down, day by day, like an endlessly unrolling carpet, to cover the plain to the sea. Each family packs food and equipment and the Sunday school materials which I have prepared for months in advance, and goes to the trapping camps. Soon the village is almost deserted. Then the ice pack, vast and white, moves in slowly from the North. When the sea ice joins the shore ice and the sea grows silent, it is like the turning of a key in a lock. The days shrink to a few hours of light around noon. The temperature falls, at times to thirty degrees below zero; the snow drifts to the height of two or three men. I make my pastoral calls with a shovel now, and cram all the Sunday church services into a hectic five-hour stretch in the middle of the day.

Holy Days

Savoonga invariably has a white Christmas. By December 25th all the trappers have returned. We have a grand Christmas program, feast, and celebration, and everyone exchanges gifts. On Christmas Day, and Easter too, the choir goes caroling from house to house. At four o'clock of an Easter Sunday morning one year, this hardy group went caroling in a blinding snowstorm. But even the Savoonga choir

is not superhuman. Sometimes at Christmas more than half the people are in bed with colds and flu. When many are ill, we broadcast the services on loudspeakers so that everyone can hear. Savoonga's Christmas spirit in such emergencies recalls the words of an old carol: "Let nothing you dismay"—a handy slogan in the Arctic. On the day after Christmas of 1945, for example, before a full house bundled in parkas and *komyocks*, we held one of the fastest Communion services on record. By the time we were ready to serve the grape juice it had frozen in the glasses.

On the very day after this chilly Communion, with the temperature at twenty below zero, I had that spine-shaking experience without which no account of Arctic life is complete—my first dog-team trip. The dog-team passenger leaves most things to the dogs, and the rest to the Lord. For this journey to Gambell, my friends zipped me into a sleeping bag and tied me to the sled to prevent my falling off. Jimmie, our driver, pointed the team in the general direction of Gambell and the dogs set out over the snow, thoughtfully choosing the largest rocks to go over and now and then taking off after a fox or reindeer. When we reached Gambell, fifty miles and seven hours later, I was paralyzed from sitting. The return trip was even more interesting: the dogs ran away, throwing off the driver, tipping the sled, and dragging me (still tied on) for some distance. These Eskimo dogs, what with lack of discipline and sometimes lack of food, are often half-savage. Several of them, in fact, once made a spirited attempt to eat me. I had gone with one of the men on his trapping rounds. In one trap we found a white fox. While Kingeekuk went to inspect his catch, the sled dogs began to bark and leap frantically. Then Kingeekuk motioned to me and I took a few steps in his direction. The dogs promptly started



At the left is winter in Savoonga; at the right, what passes for summer. Winter brings darkness for all but a few hours in every twenty-four. Summer brings mud. The structure at right is the church the congregation built with their own hands.

in my direction. I screamed and, trying to back away, stumbled and fell. The whole pack piled on me. Fortunately, I was wearing my usual complete sledding outfit at the time—slacks, snowsuit pants, seal-skin pants, sweater, jacket, reindeer parka, knit hood over my face, wool gloves and fur mittens, wool stockings, cotton anklets, wool socks, sealskin socks, and reindeer knee-high boots. Before the dogs could find me in this welter of yard goods, Kin-geekuk arrived and beat them off. When we reached home that day, I found that I had lost a small piece of my leg and a lot of enthusiasm for dog-sledding. Since that time, however, I appreciate the higher purpose behind this method of travel; it makes everyone content to stay where he is.

But no one in the world today can really stay where he is. The man behind the dog team, though he makes haste slowly, is no exception. For the past fifty years or so, he has been busily adopting devices and vices, germs and ideas, which the white man has taken hundreds of years to develop and control. My friends in Savoonga have borrowed from the white man, at one time or another, tuberculosis, tobacco, guns, motors, and the Christian religion. They have also suffered their share of cultural growing pains and indigestion. Trying to help people decide which ingredients of western culture should be swallowed whole, and which should be hesitated over, has been my most delicate responsibility.

Liquor

The liquor problem, so common in Alaska, is one we do not have. The people remember too well the year when the whole village went on a historic binge. When they came to themselves, weeks later, the hunting season had passed. Many starved that winter. Now they are suspicious even of orange juice. Alcohol, however, is one of the few aspects of our material culture that the people of Savoonga do not admire. Having accepted our language and religion, they hanker after blessings more tangible, new foods and store clothing. However, the white man's food and clothing are not suited to this cold climate. But the people of Savoonga are like other people in wanting to join the march of progress, whether it is marching forwards or backwards.

We in Savoonga are, for the first time, more than ankle-deep in the stream of current events. Our isolation is only apparent. Several of Savoonga's boys and girls will be going to the Sheldon Jackson College in Sitka before long, and one of its servicemen, Tim Gologergen, has been around the world. (He says Calcutta is no place for an Eskimo.) The younger citizens

grow restive under the restraint of custom and hesitate to marry or settle down. And the excellent view of Siberia from our beach seems more portentous than ever. Hardly fifteen miles to the northwest the claw-like tip of Cape Chukotski reaches southward in our direction. If you are sometimes nervous about Russia, pity the people of Savoonga. As early as 1946 we were startled by a sudden appearance offshore of four large naval vessels, which we took for attacking Russians. The visitors, it turned out, were an American submarine fleet whose officers had been overcome with curiosity on sighting an Eskimo village.

For an abundance of reasons, then, we were all fervently grateful on the day in July, 1949, when the supply freighter Coastal Rambler arrived with the answer to our prayers. Aboard were building materials for a church for 250 people. From two o'clock that afternoon to eleven the next morning every man, woman, and child helped to haul, or *liter*, the lumber ashore in whaleboats. Even three-year-olds carried pieces of lumber larger than themselves.

Throughout the summer, despite almost daily rain, we spent every spare minute in building the church. The men did the heavy work and hauled the timbers; the women painted and finished; children of

all sizes and ages ran and carried for the workers. In the fall the men went to their trapping camps. When they returned three weeks before Christmas, they pitched in heartily once more. Christmas Eve came and much still remained to be done. The men said, "We will work all night." All Christmas Day the women cleaned. That evening, for the first time, the whole village gathered together to worship in a church that lit up the Arctic night with electric brilliance.

Not long ago my parishioners were happy in another way, knowing nothing of the world or of war, plagued by no problem more abstruse than material survival. Now they find in their daily lives the tangible symbols of two great historical forces, Christianity and Russian imperialism—the church in the village, and across a narrow band of water, the coast of Russia's eastern outpost. The political perils of the day are like the old gods of the storm, menacing but remote, threats to be respected but cheerfully borne. Savoonga people undertake the familiar daily problems of life and death with their native high spirit, with only one difference. As Nick Wongillilin once remarked matter-of-factly to his boatmen during a wild storm at sea:

"There is nothing to be afraid of. Even if we drown, God will save our souls."

Reprinted from *Presbyterian Life*, June 23, 1951

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1956



The Armstrongs

Alaska National Missions



The Starrs - Alaska Medical Mission

1956		FEBRUARY					1956
Sun.	Mon	Tues.	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat	
			1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
26	27	28	29				

Pray for Special Projects

Alaska National Missions



Isabel Miller - Christian Case Work

1956		MARCH						1956
Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat		
				1	2	3		
4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
11	12	13	14	15	16	17		
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25	26	27	28	29	30	31		

Pray for Special Projects

Alaska National Missions



Valley Presbyterian Hospital - Cooperating with Palmer

1956		APRIL						1956
Sun.	Mon	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat		
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Alaska National Missions



KSEW - 1400 on your dial - The Voice of Sheldon Jackson, Inc.

1956		MAY						1956
Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.		
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27	28	29	30	31				

Pray for Special Projects

Alaska National Missions



Dr. Herman Morse - Dr. J. Earl Jackman

1956		AUGUST						1956
Sun.	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat		
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5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
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19	20	21	22	23	24	25		
26	27	28	29	30	31			

Pray that Christ and the
Church may be at the
center
of our lives



Mr. and Mrs. William Wartes direct the youngsters in dress rehearsal for Alaska winter. Baby is carried on mother's back.

At Home in the Arctic

Bill and Bonnie Wartes and their five youngsters live in Barrow, Alaska, where nights are months long, and all the Presbyterian elders are Eskimos

By JANETTE T. HARRINGTON

ON THE hypothetical map of Presbyterian missions, the distinction of filling the dot farthest north belongs to thirty-four-year-old William C. Wartes.

As pastor of the 500-member church at Barrow, Alaska, Mr. Wartes (a two-syllable word) represents a late chapter in a distinguished history. Begun by Sheldon Jackson in 1890, Presbyterian ministry at the top of the world has

gone through phases ranging from medical service and lay preaching and teaching to a modern church pastorate. When Will Rogers and Wiley Post crashed nearby in 1935, it was the Presbyterian missionary, the Reverend Henry W. Greist, M.D., who prepared their bodies for the journey home.

In the old days, icy distances put Barrow in about the same class with Greenland's icy mountains in the span of missionary activities. Recent develop-

ments have changed all that. Alternate-day commercial air flights (daily in summer) link the village on the Arctic Ocean with Fairbanks; high-powered jet planes zoom past overhead. These contacts with civilization serve as a reminder that Alaska is, after all, United States territory, the mission responsibility of the Board of National Missions. Reinforcing this reminder is the thoroughly American character of the Wartes household. Comprising Bill, a former Air Force pilot and

San Francisco Seminary graduate; his wife, a snub-nosed little lady usually called Bonnie; and a lively family of five, the Warteses continue to make everything about Barrow seem right out of Sears, Roebuck—which a lot of it is.

When they first arrived in July, 1951, it was the then three-year-old Ascenath ("Teena") who called the turn on the outsider's view of Barrow. With a glance at the land sledge that was to carry them in from the airport, she announced gravely that her daddy had a blue car "back in the world."

But the closer they got to town, the less unfamiliar it all seemed. The children looked in vain for the ice-block igloos of geography books—Barrow's 1,000 towns-

canned goods Bonnie kept on the shelf.

When they arrived, the Warteses found twenty-one fifty-pound sacks of flour on hand, relics of the not-so-long-ago days when goods had to be shipped by boat once a year and people didn't dare take the chance that supplies might not go through. At the time, they scorned the offer of a refrigerator, finding out later that meat freezes and has to be chopped with an ax unless kept at refrigerator temperatures.

Until just before the war, this last Eskimo outpost of the northlands was still relatively untouched. But in the forties, creeping changes began to take hold and, once started, moved ahead rapidly. The Warteses like to tell the story, still going

ways not readily to be dislodged. Bill Wartes thinks it significant, in terms of Eskimo common sense, that some of them put their pay checks into better homes and good firearms and ammunition against the day when they would return to hunting and fishing.

It is a tribute to the Wartes family's equanimity that the Eskimo customs which linger seem quite as normal as anything they knew back home. The children look upon the *nalagatuk*, an adult test of dexterity and daring, as a mere variation of the old blanket toss, and they seem to feel that the to-do over a whale catch—when townspeople turn out en masse for a share of the meat—is staged solely for their edification and delight. Like the natives, they regard *muktuk* (whale blubber) and frozen raw fish as great delicacies.

There are, of course, adjustments. The Warteses had to get used to winter temperatures of fifty or sixty below and to bundling up in parkas, with fur-lined hood, and *mukluks* (skin boots up to the knee) for the briefest of trips outdoors. When the youngsters experienced for the first time the reality of the midnight sun, they felt Robert Louis Stevenson's poem had been written especially for them:

*In winter I get up by night
And dress by yellow candle-light
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.*

But at the end of their first winter, Bonnie, who had been horrified to see children running around in little clothing when she arrived in June, felt equally stifled when the thermometer soared back up above zero. And, just like stateside mothers with children who want to go barefoot early, she worried lest the youngsters shed their parkas too soon.

As pastor of the Barrow Church, Bill (the Eskimos call him simply and respectfully "Wartes") finds his time just as full as the pastor of any thriving congregation of five hundred in the United States. The church has all the customary hallmarks: a choir and organist, elders, church school teachers, and deacons—all Eskimo. It has a unique form of teacher training whereby nobody can teach church school without an hour's group study Saturday night, partly for native language teachers. Since the Warteses reached Alaska, the congregation has completed a new church building begun earlier. The only real oddity about services in Barrow is the way the mothers, carrying babies piggy-back in the hoods of their snow shirts, move to the back whenever the youngsters threaten to set up a howl, and keep them quiet with a jigglely little



Congregation starts for home after service at Barrow Presbyterian Church. The construction for which framework shows in picture has now been completed.

folk live in frame houses connected with stretched-plank boards. Five stores, the airlines office, hospital and offices of the Alaska Native Service, and a Navy installation gave a civilized look. (Since then, an up-to-date tourist hotel has been added.)

Prepared for rigid self-denial, the Warteses were astonished to find familiar signs of home. Over the counter they could buy candy bars and bubble gum. Their home had electricity and heat, and a bathroom was promised. Ice cream was theirs for the making with a whisk of the electric mixer and Arctic snow. The Wien Airlines brought in regular, if expensive, shipments of fresh lettuce, tomatoes, and celery to supplement, occasionally, the

the rounds, of a European team which visited Barrow to study Eskimo life. After the last notebook flipped shut, the late Andrew Akootchook, a pillar of the Barrow Church and self-made cosmopolitan with a knowledge of several languages, asked if the villagers might have a turn. Out from under parkas and snow shirts emerged an assortment of up-to-date cameras focused on the visitors.

After the war, the Navy launched an oil exploration project there which put many Eskimo breadwinners on the government payroll. Electric stoves and washing machines blossomed in the shabby little frame houses, and the women broke out in new clothes. When the Navy withdrew, it left behind a residue of American

dance. (Bonnie, too, has cradled her two Alaska-born babies in the useful snow shirt.)

When Bill Wartes first reached Barrow, he was at a loss to know how to proceed to win the confidence of his parishioners. He hit upon the idea of asking Roy Ahmaogak, native Presbyterian preacher at Wainwright, to go with him on a round of house-to-house visits to Eskimo church families. The idea was more of a stroke of genius than he knew; Eskimos have their own ideas of courtesy, one of them being that an unaccompanied gentleman does not pay a visit of any length while the man of the house is away.

One winter day, an Eskimo family from inland arrived in Barrow with an ill baby who shortly died. The father came to the manse to borrow a pick and shovel to dig a grave. When he returned them, his face was frosted with cold; even so he shook his head firmly when Bill asked him in. Next day, Wartes stood by while the little box was lowered into the ground and offered prayer by the graveside. Evidently his concern for their grief turned the trick; this time the parents accepted his invitation to come in to get warm before they started back. It was the first time an Eskimo had been in the house since their arrival.

By now, it is common practice for one or more Eskimos to drop in at the preacher-man's for a cup of coffee and a bit of a chat. Their day-to-day calls reflect a casual friendliness which Bonnie had reason to appreciate a while back. Bill, besides looking after the Barrow Church, is a flyer; he carries on a far-flung ministry among scattered settlements, hopping over 30,000 miles of the North Slope in a sturdy Cessna plane, the *Arctic Messenger II*. On one such mission, flying the



Bill Wartes and Samuel Simmonds, right-hand man at Barrow Mission, stand beside the *Arctic Messenger III*. Plane and men alike are prepared for winter.

old *Arctic Messenger*, Bill set out for Anaktuvuk and Barter Island. Three days later he had not reported in. Somebody pushed the panic button, and headlines flashed to the states that a Presbyterian missionary had vanished in the Arctic; the 74th Air Force Rescue Squadron was out searching for him.

The first Bonnie heard of it was when a telegram came from the states, activating a drift of villagers who dropped in to worry with her about Bill. She calmly got out the coffee cups and told them to relax. Hadn't Bill Wartes always said, she reminded them, that when he flew the Lord's hand was on the stick? A couple of days later, flying close to the

ground and playing hippity-hop with some snow squalls, Bill turned up. Adverse winds had interrupted his flight at midpoint, and he could not report the layover because of a bad radio.

Bill rather enjoys his excursions into the hinterlands, especially such occasions as the time a village leader sent word he needed the preacher to "tighten up" a local couple who wanted to be married. Once he dropped down on impulse at a remote camp occupied by caribou hunters out after winter's food. Although only one could speak English, they welcomed him warmly. He was the only preacher, they said, who had ever troubled to visit them or offered to hold services.

According to Wartes, the Eskimos possess a number of traits—honesty, cheerfulness, self-discipline, and hatred of sham—which give them a natural affinity for Christianity. Probably one of the reasons they take to Christianity, as purveyed by Bill Wartes, is due to his own intense faith. In flying, for instance, he quite literally puts his trust in the Lord; and in spite of various mishaps (once his landing gear buckled, and he had to walk forty miles in below-zero weather; once he lost his way and almost nipped a mountain), both he and Bonnie tend to put such incidents in the category of a skinned knee or bumped fender back home.

Bill's habit of "flying on his knees" springs, however, not from the hazards of Alaska flying but from an incident that happened while he was still in pilot-training days in Texas. On one occasion he was flying low, practising slow coordina-

The missionary-pilot's beat covers 30,000 square miles of the North Slope.



tion turns, when the throttle jerked out of his hands and he realized the motor was about to "seize" or freeze into inaction. He started to bail out but, seeing a town below, decided to crash with the plane, not risk other lives.

"Suddenly," he says, "I found myself thinking of Peter, when Christ told him to throw his net on the other side. Peter had no reason to believe the Lord knew anything about fishing, but he was willing to trust him. As a pilot, I knew I

hadn't a chance, but I figured the least I could do was to give the Lord a chance." Bill opened his eyes just as the plane was about to dive into a barn, and pulled the stick. The plane zoomed over the barn, under some wires, and landed safely on the other side. Later investigators said it couldn't be done.

Subsequent events tend to confirm both the family viewpoint, expressed in their favorite hymn, "My Father Watches over Me," and the assumption that He will do

so regardless of any accident of geography. Home on leave in Seattle last year, their middle child, Teena, came down with polio, an ironic last word to the friends who had warned them against health hazards of Alaska. At last report she was making a nice recovery, back in Barrow.

All in all, the Warteses are as much at home in the Arctic as in San Francisco or Seattle, and the "point farthest north" often seems to them to be just an extension of their own back yard.

Reprinted from *Presbyterian Life*, March 3, 1956

Postscript to a Living Story

IN THE not very long time since "At Home in the Arctic" was written, several changes have taken place in Barrow and the North Slope Area—changes that prove once again that the Lord's work will go on, no matter how negative circumstances may seem to be.

The new chapter starts with a disaster. The mission airplane, *Arctic Messenger II*, was destroyed on January 31, 1956, by a commercial airlines plane that crashed into it on a bad take-off from the Barrow airstrip. When the loss of the *Messenger* became known, every effort was made to supply another plane, and by the end of the following May the *Arctic Messenger III* was in active service. By fall of 1958 the new plane had flown 536 hours, 175 of them in 1958. It has now seen so much service that it will soon need an overhaul.

The next chapter in the story seemed also to be a disaster but actually is a normal development. In the late summer of 1958, Bill Wartes left Barrow and returned to the State of Washington to live. He took this step for two reasons. First, the older children in the Wartes family—Bill's prime social responsibility—would have had to leave home to complete their education. Second, Wartes had had a constructive ministry in the far north in church organization, in church building, and in community work, and he was beginning to feel that he had fulfilled his function there. When an efficient missionary reaches this decision, he moves on to another place—and that is just what Bill Wartes did. He left Barrow to become pastor of a national-missions-aided church in Sequim, Washington, working intensely for Christ's kingdom in the complexities of a more sophisticated society, just as for seven years he worked in the strenuous simplicities of Alaska.

As a replacement for Bill Wartes there arrived in Barrow in July, 1958, the Reverend John R. Chambers, who spent

four flying days with Wartes before the latter went away, and who lost no time in getting insurance and flying accreditation and taking over the flying ministry in the 30,000 square miles that lie within the Point Barrow-Barter Island-Anaktuvuk Pass triangle.

Like Mr. Wartes, Mr. Chambers brought his family with him. His wife, Barbara Ann, holds devotions for the Barrow Presbykids, teaches Sunday school, and entertains teen-age girls in her home. Miss Sarah Lynn Chambers was two months old when the family moved from Scotia, New York, to Barrow, and her presence makes the Chambers dwelling a real home. So far, she is "the same happy healthy kid she was in New York," says her father, who completed an account of his and his wife's current activities by saying, "This makes for a very busy but very happy life in the service of our Lord."

One of the first things Mr. Chambers did was to inspect the new chapel at Anaktuvuk Pass. Called "The Chapel in the Mountains," this building had been requested for three years. There was no timber in the neighborhood, and to buy lumber in Seattle, ship it to Barrow or Fairbanks, then fly it in to Anaktuvuk seemed to be prohibitive; yet Bill Wartes kept saying that if he had fifteen hundred or even a thousand dollars he could put up a chapel. Wondering how he could do this, the Board of National Missions allocated funds to the project. Wartes then sent a sawmill in to a point about fifty miles south of Anaktuvuk, where there was timber. When the timber was felled and trimmed, the lumber was hauled by dog team up the Johns River to Anaktuvuk Pass. Delivery of the lumber was made in May and June of 1958. Everybody went to work, and the chapel was first used on September 21st. Whoever knows this story will remember Bill



The Reverend John R. Chambers
just before he went to Alaska.

Wartes when they see the chapel—and the work goes forward with John Chambers.

Right-hand man to both Wartes and Chambers is Samuel Simmonds. A second-generation Christian, an elder in his own church at Barrow, this man a few years ago decided to give his full life in the ministry of Christ through the Church. His is a three-fold service. First, he is a student and translator. He translates both the spoken and written word into the Inupiat tongue. Second, he is a lay preacher, speaking to the people in their own language. Third, he is maintenance man for the mission at Barrow, where he and most of his family—his oldest daughter is at Sheldon Jackson Junior College in Sitka—live in the mission building. Reports that come out of Barrow are full of references to Sam—Sam wrote this, said that, made a practical suggestion. Sam was active in the project of building the Chapel in the Mountains. He is leading the abundant life, serving Christ by the means that lie at his hand.

Board of National Missions of The United Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Price, 5 cents

Paul Maurer

The Courageous Clergy of the Arctic

Four fearless chaplains patrol one of the world's most challenging parishes — the 3,000 frozen miles of the Distant Early Warning Line.

*"... Go ye into all the world,
and preach the gospel to
every creature."*

-St. Mark 16

ALONG the northernmost reaches of the American continent, where mid-summer sun never sets and winter temperatures reach 65 degrees below zero, four heroic chaplains are assigned to the longest and roughest parish in the world—the Distant Early Warning Line.

There are no churches or temples in that strange parish, spread along the nothingness of arctic ice from the northwestern tip of Alaska to the east coast of Baffin Island. But its parishioners, more than 1,000 civilian employees of Federal Electric Corporation who operate and maintain the DEW Line, need the spiritual guidance of their religion more than anyone else.

They're alone, far from their families, far from the rest of the civilized world, isolated in their radar stations and surrounded by the arctic ice and tundra.

To those lonely vigilants, the buzzing of a light plane in the quietness of the arctic winter is an echo from the outside world—it brings contact with civilization. And when the smiling face of the "padre" appears, the monotony of long isolation is interrupted for a few days. The station's mess hall is quickly transformed into a church and the chaplain conducts services for all off-duty DEW Liners and Eskimo laborers. After the services he is available for individual discussion and advice.

Utilizing virtually every conceivable mode of Arctic travel, the Rev. Paul H. Maurer, rides a dog sled for his next destination, an isolated DEW Line station.

But who are those fearless men who, using all means of transportation from modern planes to primitive dogsleds, travel constantly along the stations of the 3,000-mile DEW Line, defying rough arctic conditions and facing constant danger to bring the word of God to the isolated DEW Liners?

These clergymen, serving in a capacity similar to chaplains of the armed forces, are also employed by Federal Electric Corporation, the service organization of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. Their duty is to visit regularly the DEW Line stations and give the personnel moral and spiritual guidance.

None of DEW Line's flying chaplains can tell you how many miles he has travelled by plane, caterpillar tractors and even dog-sleds or skin

boats since he came up here. They've lost track long ago... They don't even remember how many times they risked their lives trying to reach a remote DEW Line station in the darkness of the arctic night.

The Reverend Paul H. Maurer is typical of the group. He has devoted most of his life to bringing religion to the roughest and most remote areas in the world. Fear, fatigue are unknown to this brave Protestant minister who has been known as the "Old Armor Plate."

A retired colonel and former chief chaplain of the Fourth Army, the Reverend Maurer took part in five battle campaigns with the crack Third Armored Division in the European theater during World War II and five campaigns in Korea. He is the holder





seems to have found his true calling as a White Alice technician at Newenham.

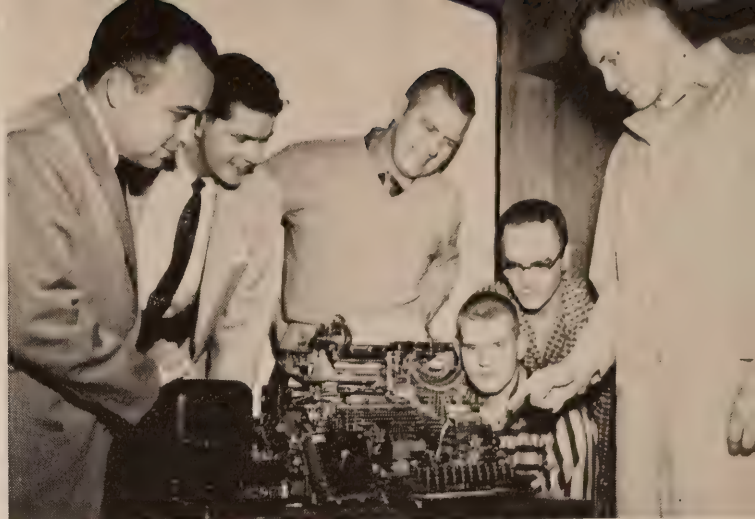
Bob Beger, who excels at ping pong and monopoly, has earned the name "Champ." He left his home in Chicago to make his pilgrimage to Newenham. He was delayed for a time at King Salmon, but we finally got him here.

The two "plank owners" Guy Halferty and John English, our NSI mechanics, have been here since the last year of construction of our Polar station. Guy is also our expert on fishing since he spent a good portion of his life (before NSI) in all phases of the cannery business and plans to make a world cruise following his son's discharge from the Army in Germany. John English of Asheville, North Carolina is also a world traveler. He spent some time in the Middle East and Africa among other places, on construction projects and along with Jim Stirtz, spins numerous tales of his travels to those distant lands.

Jim Stirtz is another Pennsylvania man; he hails from Reading and was stationed in Turkey with the Air Force. Among his varied talents is his expert knowledge of how "Shanghai Rummy" should be played. He seldom loses at the game, much to the regret of all of us.

A new arrival at Newenham is David Pavel, who has already started a new and interesting project here. He is a ham radio operator and we have high hopes of reaching all over the globe with his able assistance.

John Kipiasz is the site baker extraordinary, and our popular movie projectionist. The best way to describe John's ability is to offer you a sample of his apple or banana cream pie and let you judge for yourself.



Bob Hunter, instructor, discusses teletype operations with members of Class 35 at the White Alice Training Center. The recent graduates and their assignments are (from left) Donald White, Cape Romanzof; Wayne Evans, Cape Lisburne; Marion Wiley, Aniak; Frank Zschiegner, Kotzebue; and Franklin Wisber, Big Mountain.

(Upper left) This photo, one of the last taken of the late Dr. Russell Varian, physicist credited with the development of the klystron tube, shows Dr. Varian at an informal discussion at the training center. Major Henry Elliott, left, of the training center staff, led discussion here.

CAPE LISBURN

The northernmost outpost of the White Alice system is located on the highest of the Lisburne hills, and at the tip of the cape on the shores of the Chukchi Sea, a place which affords a wide variation of experiences to the newcomer.

This Air Force installation is jointly operated by personnel primarily from the Air Force, Philco Corporation and Federal Electric Corporation.

White Alice technicians here hail mainly from the midwest, with the Chicago area well represented. Bob Larsen, the recently appointed station supervisor, comes from Minnesota. Lee Jane, Art Halvorsen, Joe Kuzma, Wayne Evans and Dick Marcinkowski are from Chicago. Jerry Boller is from New York City, Bob Wittbrodt from Michigan, and Joe Loiselle, a veteran of 15 months here at Lisburne, is from Massachusetts.

Interests here are varied but in recent weeks much attention has been focused on the road building operation of the Northern Services people.

These master road builders, who are all from Alaska, and headed by Dick Kloep, are John Kavenstrite, Dale Hales and Sam Shafsky. Curtis "Shorty" Wright, a recent arrival, is also with NSI.

Tramway at Cape Lisburne is used to carry personnel to and from dormitories at lower left to the White Alice station and AC&W site at the top of the mountain.

Father Bernard F. McMeel's travels along the DEW Line include the use of native skin boats with the help of a local crew.

of the Purple Heart for wounds received during the Battle of the Bulge and many other American and foreign decorations.

"Him big soldier with no gun but good Book," said Kim II Dok, a young South Korean soldier, about Chaplain Maurer after a rough battle. "That book will kill bad things Reds do."

To this comment, the 60-year-old, Nebraska-born clergyman answers: "There is more to war than physical courage. We chaplains don't deal with weapons but with the sword of the spirit. After all, the Korean conflict was a war of ideas, too."

The Reverend Maurer got his "Old Armor Plate" nickname in an unusual way: During World War II, in Europe, he was in a small building sheltering German war prisoners when Nazi troops attacked. Disregarding the heavy fire, he went into action calming the prisoners and inspiring the defenders. And when he noticed that a window had to be closed, he lifted up a heavy slab of what appeared to be an armored plate and closed it. When a shot hit the "armored plate" and

Airborne chaplains use helicopters frequently in their movements. Father Pierre Lessard prepares to wing off to another visit.



crumbled it to smithereens, it was found that it was a slab of brown sugar. Ever since that day, the good-natured chaplain has been known as "armor-plated" Maurer.

The nickname followed him after his retirement, when he joined Federal Electric Corporation and was assigned on the DEW Line in Alaska. Here, the tireless padre is covering thousands of perilous miles over snow, ice and water to reach the hearts of DEW Liners and native population. Using all means of transportation, he visits regularly the DEW Line stations in Alaska to conduct services and offer spiritual advice. A warm and thoroughly humane person, the Reverend Maurer has not only managed to visit every corner of the huge state of Alaska, but he has reached out far beyond creeds and dogmas—into the hearts of men . . .

"We, DEW Line chaplains are always transients," says Father Bernard F. McMeel of Great Falls, Montana, who also serves in Alaska. "These travels are sometimes dangerous but they provide us with memorable incidents and invaluable experiences." Father McMeel, who joined Federal Electric as a DEW Line chaplain a year ago, is most enthusiastic about Alaska and the native residents of our 49th state.

"I have been greatly impressed by this arctic country and I have come to know many fine Eskimos along the way from one DEW Line station to

another," he says. "Both Eskimo and white DEW Liners are really wonderful fellows who are doing a worthwhile job."

Father McMeel is very much impressed by the Arctic regions. "I like its vastness, the mountains and the abundance of its game and birds . . . But the Arctic can also be a harsh country with its winds and cold and

(Continued on Page 22)

Father Maurice Metayer conducts services at CAM-1. Stations hastily turn dining rooms into chapels as the padre arrives.



What's In a Word?

By Henry Shleuder

LORAN, which is a contraction of Long Range Navigation, was introduced in World War II and perfected during the post war period. It is based on the measurements of time differences which makes it a hyperbolic system.

The above statement, although correct and descriptive, conveys no meaning to those unfamiliar with these mathematical terms. For our purpose, it suffices to say that a hyperbola is a mathematical term whose meaning will become clear as we progress in our discussion.

Familiar terms and phenomena will be used in the following analogy to explain the Loran System.

Suppose two cannons are placed at some distance, as shown in figure 6. Both cannons are fired simultaneously at regular intervals by a

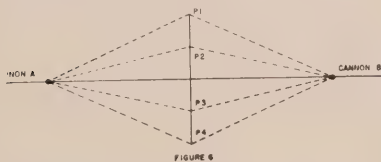


FIGURE 6

synchronized system. An observer at position 1 (P_1) hears only one shot since the sounds from both cannons traveling at the same speed arrive at P_1 at the same time. The same holds true for observers at P_2 , P_3 , P_4 and for any point along this vertical center line which can be extended in both directions.

Suppose, an observer is at a different point off the vertical center line, as shown in figure 7.

Now he hears two shots. First from cannon A and then from cannon B. Since sound travels at a certain speed (1087 ft/sec. in air at 32° F), the shot from cannon B traveling a greater distance arrives later than the shot from cannon A. All observers at P_1 , P_2 , P_3 and P_4

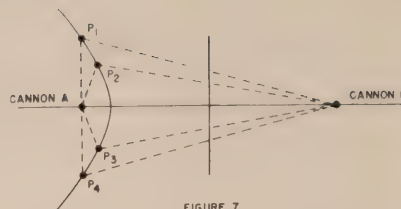


FIGURE 7

measure the same time difference. This does not establish a definite position but a line of possible positions. Any observer who counts or measures the same time difference between shots is located along this hyperbolic line. Note that the hyperbolic line, when extended, forms an almost straight line which can be used for homing purposes.

This arrangement has a certain ambiguity which is illustrated in figure 8.

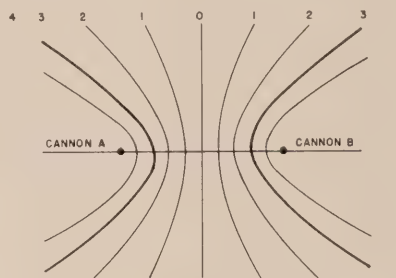


FIGURE 8

If an observer hears two shots and counts the seconds between them, he has no way of knowing which shot originates from which cannon. Suppose, he counts three seconds between shots. This places him on two possible lines of positions, as shown in figure 8.

This ambiguity can be resolved very nicely. Instead of firing the cannons simultaneously, cannon B is fired exactly 10 seconds later. Now take a look at figure 9.

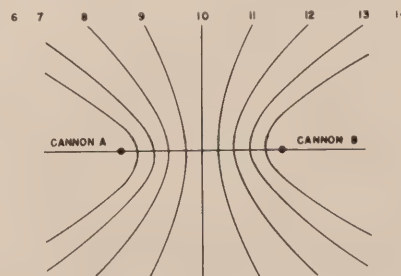
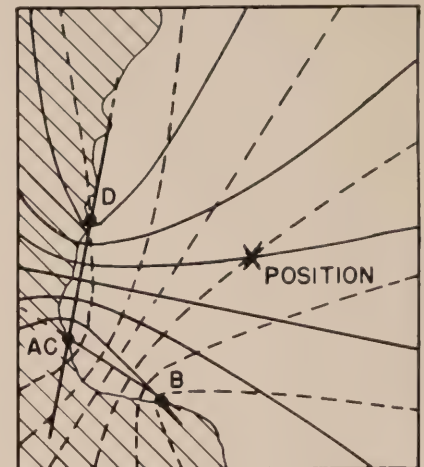


FIGURE 9

vertical center line is now numbered differently. Before it was 0, but now it is 10. All lines to the left are below 10 and to the right above 10. This system is a definite improvement over the first. If he

now counts 7 seconds, he knows that he is left of center. On the other hand, a count of 13 places him right of center.

So far we have only been able to establish lines of possible positions but not an exact position. These lines could be miles long and the actual position might be any point on it. To alleviate the shortcoming, we add another system which is almost identical to the first. Figure 10 shows the arrangement of these two systems. The



AC = MASTER STATION
B&D = SLAVE STATIONS

FIGURE 10

firing rates of the systems are different to permit identification. This arrangement results in two sets of hyperbolic lines. First, the observer determines the line of positions by measuring the time difference between shots for system A-B and then finds the line of positions for system C-D by the same method. The point of intersection of the two lines marks his position.

Let's take another step and replace the cannons with radio transmitters and the human ear with radio receivers and indicators—and we have Loran. The radio transmitters send out bursts of r. f. (radio frequencies) at a fixed rate which are received by the radio receiver. There the signals are detected and fed to the indicator which could be an oscilloscope or some other instrument. The time difference between the signals of a pair of stations is measured and the corresponding hyperbola mark-

(Continued on Page 20)



Chaplain Paul H. Maurer presents a \$1022 check donated by personnel of POW Sector for the American Cancer Society to Purves Harley, POW Sector Superintendent, right. Looking on are two Eskimo FEC employees, Patsy Tuckle and Herbert Akkivgak, who aided in the success of the fund raising.

working with us is Carl Freeman, Sector Radician.

— FOX-C —

Although many readers by now may be dubious about there being such a place as FOX Charlie, let us assure you all that the site really does exist, and was not, as some thought, blown down into the fjord by the last severe storm! On the contrary, the coming of the better weather has further encouraged the already very enthusiastic efforts of our station Chief, Gordie Main, Mechanic Harvey Blais and Supply Man Geoff Wilson, toward the completion of preparations for the Sea Lift.

Occasional fine evenings and most Sundays, find some of our company fishing at an exclusive spot near the beach (the location of this spot must remain a secret till after the spawning season). Many Arctic Char have so far been lured by the efforts of such experts as Gordie, Harvey and Ien Brochu.

One session's work brought in a haul of eleven fish, ranging in size

between 20 and 30 inches long. Another outing resulted in another 17 being caught. The catch has been skillfully prepared for storage by our Chef, Yves Cantin, assisted by Julien Marchand. It will now remain in the deep freezer until it can gradually be incorporated in the menu. Eskimos Morris and Kaunak, too, have been quite successful in the line; we understand they have had several family picnics down at the beach.

The arrival of a bumper pool was welcomed by all a short time ago, particularly by the new arrivals at this site. These are Len Brochu, Doug Smith, Gerry Dupuis, Gerry Brisson, and Ray Babineau. All are keen pool players as are the Eskimos. Tournaments are played off most evenings.

The helicopter made a welcome return to the station the other day, after a short interval of a few days. It was heard to purr down to the pad with a strange new sound. The pilot, Captain Jim Reid, assured us that it was the same, but it now had a brand new engine. As long as the running-in restrictions do not limit your mail carrying capacity, Jim, that's fine by us.

—B. H. Baily

Summer is here, as proved by all the assorted activities taking place.

Bright and early one Sunday morning the Station Chief was seen performing calisthenics.

A volley ball net has been rigged up outside the Station Chief's window, and just about 'evening nap' time, a series of yells, slaps and grunts can be heard as the ball is manhandled from one side of the net to the other.

Top of the bill was a softball game. After many challenges had been tossed back and forth during the preceding weeks, the game finally got under way at 7 p.m. Sunday night. The diamond was hurriedly constructed on the airstrip apron, and it even boasted a wire mesh backstop. The rugged cliffs and silent rocks echoed to a new sound—that of "Play Ball."

Lacking a sports reporter here at FOX Four, the following description of the game will have to suffice: The visitors went in to bat first, and made a comfortable score of 4 runs. Pitching for the home team was John Dick, with Bill Murray as catcher. (Note: A Catcher is the man the ball hits if it misses the batter.) Notable guest players for the home team were, Bill Cook (Sector C & E) George Reithel (S.C.O.P.) and Lee Devon (Resident Engineer)—all on sector staff visits to FOX 4. The chief commentator was Art Swartz,—and a very good job he did too, and though we did not have a P.A. System down at the strip, Art made out OK.

Excitement mounted with a home run by Brian Fox, our English-bred supply man, who was playing this game for the first time. There was some fancy hitting by Lee Chaisson, and nifty outfielding by cricketer Harry Dean. Mike Talbot pitched the whole game for the visitors, with A. Russell directing operations from behind the plate.

The climax of the game came when Gil Hache pulled off a brilliant catch of a high fly, followed shortly by some good ball handling to dismiss the visitors. Finally, with bases loaded, and two out, Bill Murray stole home with the winning run for the home team. Oh yes, the score, 21-20.

The Teams: Visitors:—M. Talbot, A. Russell, J. Tinkley, G. Baker, A. Howard, A. Aslin, J. Gondron, C. Goulet, and G. Vandal. Home: J. Dick, W. Murray, W. Cook, B. Fox, A. Swartz, L. Chaisson, H. Dean, G. Hache, G. Reithel and L. Devon. Um-pire: J. Blais.

Next, there is the fishing. Most evenings, the off duty crew heads to-wards the lake. Several fish have been sighted, and we have vivid descriptions of their weight and size, but generally speaking, it is the younger and smaller ones that are hungry enough to try and eat metal lures. To date, Chef Maurice Bechard has been forced to turn down all requests from other stations for our surplus fish.

The FOX Four Saturday evening so-cial gathering was honored by visitors last week. Lt. Col. D. Matthews of USAF Headquarters, Washington, D.C., accompanied by Mr. M. Mayeux, also of H.Q., and John Mattson of Project headquarters, dropped in for a visit. Jose Garcia and Emerson Brock of FEC Food Services Division, were also making their first call to the station.

Meanwhile, Jim Gruer had taken S/Ldr Tom Cook of Dye Data Center on a fishing expedition. We still have no surplus fish. To complete the group, IQR landed, and the crew, H. Kush-mire and P. Waldorf came up and stayed overnight.

—J. R. Marriott

PIN

— PIN-2 —

Although summer has arrived, the flowers haven't bloomed yet, and the sports are still indoors—badminton and volleyball in the hangar. Previous to the summer influx of per-sonnel we had ten to twelve players, good for a small station like this, but now we need three teams to take in all the enthusiasts.

Arnie Lisko is a terror to play with or against, his long unruly hair falling in his eyes . . . Before Cliff Lathigee left he insisted on showing us how to serve the ball and George Mathews and Tom Campbell still feel the bruises



Friendly men of PIN-2 gather for a group shot: Front row, from left—Charlie Vandenberg, Arnie Lisko, Don Cooper, Roger Forget, Bob Hunter and Will Williamson. Second row, from left—John Werstiuk, Roy MacFarlane, Cliff Lathigee, Glen Rymal, Ken Eccles and Don Wil-liamson. Back row, from left—Bernie Haverstock, Tom Campbell and Ted Morris.

from the ball when they remember those "lessons."

Our king-sized radician Ted Morris brought back news from the outside world when he returned from his short leave.

John Heath left on EOC, and the remaining radicians are Ken Eccles, Don Williamson, Roger Forget, Bud Caplinger, Roy McFarlane, George Matthews and Don Cooper. We also have our supply specialist Bernie Haverstock, with his helper Bob Hunter, and the mechanics John Wer-stiuk and Tom Campbell.

—George Matthews

—Bernie Haverstock

— PIN-4 —

Summer seems to finally be on its way, fishing is underway, the flowers are out and the ice is melting. We welcomed Bill Gibney back on a second tour. He was previously at CAM 3. Bill took the plunge on his E. O. C. and joined the married ranks.

The trouble with summer here, there is so much to do in such a short time that you really don't have time to relax and enjoy the mosquitos (we do have a few). Still, it is an en-joyable time of the year and it is certainly a treat to see the end of the snow. At this location we have a wide variety of flowers, all we need is some pretty girls (aren't they all) to pick them.

We are glad to have Nicol Smith back with us after his extended E.O.C.

Dave McGreal is back from R&R,

visits, and for staging on up to the Line in connection with the many and varied summer programs.

Joseph Katz and LaFayette Hannon from Project Engineering Department arrived on June 30th and departed July 2nd.

B. L. Riggs, Al Fee, Jack Trim-pin, Harley Detweiler and T. R. Bent-ley were visitors briefly on June 17th and 18th enroute to AGE-X for an inspection tour.

The Aurora party, unfortunately missed us this month, as they came out through Edmonton.

Speaking of Edmonton, I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Mark Nichols my compadre at Ed-monton upon his promotion to Project Headquarters. May all that is good go with you, Mark. Also our sincere con-gratulations to Henry Kearney, Mark's relief at Edmonton.

Herb Carlson, our accounting super-visor is smiling again. His family joined him here.

There have been several changes on part of which he spent in Copenhagen, Denmark. According to Dave that is the place to go. Tom Sigborn is pre-sently out but we are expecting him back shortly.

—H. H. Hutchings

— FAIRBANKS —

The first month of the new fiscal year has been a real busy one here at Fairbanks. Along with our own vaca-tioning DEWLiners, there have been many visitors arriving here for staff

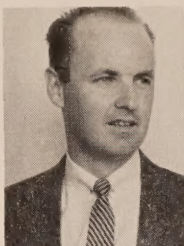
The Inquiring Reporter...

"WHICH FOREIGN COUNTRY WOULD YOU LIKE TO VISIT AND WHY?"



Kathy Carrigan,
Field Service

"I would go to Hawaii because of her warm and pleasant climate. The island has always interested me."



Robert St.
Germaine, DEW
Logistics

"Italy. It offers so many interesting sights such as the spectacular ruins of Ancient Rome, Venice, other places of historical significance."

Beverly La Croix,
Personnel

"Frankly, I've never thought of going overseas. I would like to see the United States first and then I would think about overseas travel."



Bob Dubon, DEW
Security

"The Riviera—The enchantment of the place through motion pictures and travel folders makes it very attractive."



Marge Carley,
DEW Office Service

"Ireland—It would be a pleasure to see County Cork and try to relive the wonderful Irish tales told to me as a child by my grandparents."



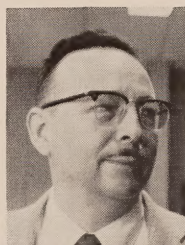
Phillip Ehrenberg,
Field Service

"Simple: Spain! Primarily because I'm going there on a company assignment."



Toni Marangi,
DEW Personnel

"Any country. I have visited Italy, but I wouldn't mind seeing more foreign lands. In other words, 'Have suitcase, will travel.'"



Harold E. Ewing,
Publications

"The Middle East has always fascinated me, being the supposed cradle of civilization."



Grace Bischof,
Accounting

"Germany. Since my husband is of German extraction and has lived there, I would like to visit some of the places he's talked about."



Jane Grollermund,
Engineering

"Switzerland would be my first preference because it is one of the most picturesque countries in Europe."

New Evaluation Program Begins

A Performance Evaluation Program designed to assist FEC employees in their personal development by giving them a clear understanding of their objectives and potential development within the company is now under way.

Paul C. Ketchersid, director of Industrial Relations, said the plan has been developed specifically for FEC by the Wage and Salary department under the general supervision of Paul C. Gordon, Jr.

Ketchersid said the plan is also designed to "assist supervisors in making a more accurate and objective evaluation of their subordinates."

John C. Woerschling of the Wage and Salary department visited recently Anchorage, Fairbanks, Streator, Montreal and Edmonton to conduct training meetings for supervisors responsible for the administration of the program. It is expected that the program will soon be installed in the FEC offices at Point Arguello and Eglin Air Force Base.

The Performance Evaluation Program will greatly increase each employee's understanding of his job requirements and will encourage an over-all improvement in supervisory and employee communication, Ketchersid said adding: "This program is another example of FEC's desire to utilize every effective personnel technique available to improve the general efficiency and effectiveness of our team effort which is constantly striving for maximum service at minimum cost to our customers."

This program is designed to evaluate the individual employee's performance and should be distinguished from FEC's Job Evaluation Program (See June issue) which establishes the salary range for each job by taking into consideration the duties, responsibilities and skills required for each job without considering the performance of the individual.

DEWLine Chaplains

(Continued from Page 13)

fog. Fortunately, it can smile at times too with its auroral displays and its midnight sun that refuses to set," he says.

In Canada's Arctic regions, where most of the DEW Line stations are located, Father Maurice Metayer and Father Pierre A. Lessard are in charge of the huge DEW Line Canadian parish that stretches from Baffin Island to the Alaskan border.

More than 90 percent of Federal Electric Corporation employees manning DEW Line stations in Canada are citizens of that country and all chaplains in charge of Canadian stations are also Canadians.

A native of St. Malo, France, which incidentally is the birthplace of arctic explorer Jacques Cartier, Father Metayer was assigned to Eskimo missions in 1939. Since then he has worked continuously in the Arctic, lived with Eskimos in their igloos, sharing their food and arduous life, hunting caribou, seal and polar bear and teaching and caring for them.

"What made you live and work in the Arctic for 20 years?" he was asked.

"To say it in a nutshell," he said "I like the Arctic and I love its people. In many respects, the Arctic is the closest you could wish to get to a virgin territory. Any work done in the Arctic is a pioneering effort . . . let it be in the expression of religious experiences, in sociology, linguistics or archeology."

Father Metayer said his present assignment as a DEW Line chaplain gives him "a greater peace and freedom and the inner satisfaction of doing something never done before."

He added that the main attraction of his present job with Federal Electric is the opportunity of extensive travel along Arctic regions.

"My constant travels give me the satisfaction to be able to help somebody in solving some personal problems and to improve relations and understanding between our Canadian and American employees and native Eskimos."

The DEW Line, he added has given employment to hundreds of Eskimos and has improved their standards of

living.

"The other day an old trapper was telling me: 'The DEW Line should have been built 20 years sooner . . . *Goanarpakpor*, which means thanks for the work . . . thanks for a better living," Father Metayer added.

Father Metayer, who has made exhaustive studies in Eskimo anthropology, is considered one of the few experts in the many Eskimo dialects. He is the author of the first Western and Central comparative Eskimo dictionary published in 1953 and of the first known western dialect Eskimo Missal-hymnal. The source of many fascinating information concerning the arctic, Father Metayer has translated hundreds of old Eskimo legends and songs.

Father Lessard, a native of St. Charles, Quebec, Canada, came to the DEW Line in February 1958, but was not a stranger to Arctic conditions. Before joining Federal Electric Corporation he had made many trips through the eastern part of Canada's arctic regions and has conducted services during the construction period of the DEW Line. His wise advice to the DEW Liners, combined with a genial good nature have made him very popular among Federal Electric personnel assigned to the eastern part of the DEW Line.

These four clergymen care for the spiritual needs of more than 1,000 Federal Electric Employees and thousands of Eskimos along the 3,000 mile radar chain. They come from different parts of the world with different backgrounds, but they have one thing in common—the burning desire to warm the hearts of these men with the word of God.

HOMER TUM SUDEN

Homer H. Tum Suden, 48, died Aug. 1, of a heart attack. He was stricken in his home in Spenard.

Tum Suden was a parts specialist for Northern Services Inc. at the time of his death. He had lived in Alaska for seven years and is survived by his widow, Alice of Spenard and two children.



A thoughtful look pervades Chaplain Maurer's face as he sits in a plane to another remote DEW station.

DEW and Eskimos

(Continued from Page 5)

far more jobs for Eskimos that the Line itself would ever provide.

Of course the DEW Line was something of an education too. Those who worked on it learned a good deal, both by observation and through the help of sympathetic white men. They began to learn a bit of the language and they absorbed something of the life of the white man through being with him and watching his movies or leafing through his magazines. Sometimes they could adapt what they learned to improve homes or way of life. Sometimes they undoubtedly felt a moral superiority. At other times they were still puzzled.

There were other influences of the DEW Line. Some came to know that with the growing network of northern airfields, medical help could come more easily in an emergency. They were more in touch with the rest of Canada. They came to know new kinds of food and clothing and a different kind of living for themselves and their families.

But above all, the DEW Line, like the other industries of the Arctic, has broadened the Eskimo's horizon. It has brought new friends to teach him new ways and new ideas. The best friends it has brought are those who have not only taught, but have learned from those whose Arctic experience is so very long and so very much deeper.

They will learn a lot from us. How much are we ready to learn from them?

